

# THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

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## “The Burning, Fiery Furnace.”

BY REV. J. T. PECK, D. D.

YES, the church is in the furnace, and the heat of the fire is increasing. She has not endured her prosperity well. She has not “come forth as gold,” and severer trials await her. Even now she has occasion to know that God has a controversy with her. She is called to show how she can endure the removal of abused treasures. In her career of gain and worldly splendor, she is suddenly brought to a solemn pause. Let us examine the facts.

The commerce of the world has been extended beyond any former precedent. Business men have seen immense profits within their reach, and have yielded to the temptation to increase their liabilities far beyond their capital. They have relied upon the continuance of uninterrupted prosperity, assumed that the demands for their goods would increase rather than diminish, and have risked every thing upon this contingency. Long impunity has given them unbounded confidence in their own skill and personal influence, and they have felt themselves equal to any emergency. The annual income has been estimated on *balance sheets*, with no just allowance for failures in collecting. Splendid mansions, in town and country, have been erected, or purchased, on borrowed capital or funds which belonged to creditors. Bank accounts have been overdrawn, or the credit side increased by discounts, and the names and estates of friends involved in endless complications. Larger and still

more desperate ventures have been made with the hope of sudden relief. New debts and heavier ones have been contracted to extinguish old ones. Mortgages piled upon mortgages have hopelessly buried real estate, not excepting the homestead, which has become the pride of elegant wives and daughters, all ignorant of the volcano on which they are alternately slumbering and dancing! The once careful, honest trader has become a stock gambler in Wall street. He has bought on time, gone into bank to furnish his “margin,” and depended upon sales, and rise in the market, to redeem his paper, and make his fortune. He has gained, become intoxicated with success, risked again, and more, and lost the whole.

In the mean time, God has seen that the vast business world is rapidly becoming dishonest—rotten indeed at its heart, and to its very extremities; that promises to pay are made under the pressure of necessity, or of personal ambition, and not at all in view of the means, and an unsound business reputation is temporarily sustained by exchange of creditors, literally robbing one man to indemnify another! He has seen that, amid all this excitement, the interests of the soul are utterly forgotten; that the people are becoming earthly and sensual; that every vice is growing rank, and the virtues are fast dying out; and he has suddenly interrupted the progress of affairs, and broken the spell with which the people were bound. He has touched the spring, and the scaffolding has fallen—fallen with a crash that has alarmed the commercial world!



Now we cannot claim that the members of the church have been free from the wrong of overtrading; that they have been careful to live within their means, and kept their hands unstained from the dishonest gains which may not be touched with impunity. Would that it were otherwise! But too many evidences thrust themselves upon our attention on every hand, to allow of a moment's doubt that, in large numbers, they have been drawn into the fearful vortex, and are involved in the common ruin.

As it must in this world, it occurs that many of the innocent suffer with the guilty. Multitudes, in and out of the church, are, so far as human eye can see, victims, and not criminals. Doubtless many suffer wrongs which will never be redressed till the day of final retribution. We would not venture indiscriminate condemnation, nor enhance the sufferings of the unfortunate. In each individual case, the responsible agent will answer to his own Master, and "happy is he that condemneth not himself in the thing that he alloweth." But every worldly-minded Christian, who has experimented in trade upon unreliable grounds, and is now in trouble, is brought to a scrutiny which he ought to regard as the purest mercy. The trial is, no doubt, severe. It is indefinitely more painful than would have been the humble circumstances which he has sought to avoid. In this crucible are many who may ultimately come out corrected and refined. We believe the number who have required the trial is so great that the church, as such, feels the pressure, and yet is in great need of having attention called to the significance, of the providential procedure.

Many others there are who have been duly cautious, whose business habits have been equitable and safe, and who have intended to "honor God with their substance, and the first fruits of all their increase." They have endeared themselves to their brethren by their devotion to all the interests of the church, and the monuments of

their Christian benevolence are, on every hand, at home, and in heathen lands. They have given, when it was convenient and inconvenient, given the fruit of their early toil, and their maturer business discretion and skill, always sharing with the poor, and never permitting the calls of God's cause to pass by unheeded. It seems inscrutable to us and yet many such noble spirits are now in the furnace! They are mourning to-day, not so much that their splendid homes are gone,—that their servants must be dismissed,—their superb furniture and equipage must be sold,—and they must begin the world almost anew; not so much for any personal inconvenience or mortification, they may be compelled to endure, as for their inability to respond when the claims of the church reach their ears and their hearts. To be obliged to hear the entreaties of the poor, and have nothing to give—the calls of the missionary treasury, and have no hundreds, or tens, or even ones, for its relief, is a deeper grief than they have ever known from poverty or disappointment. They are in the furnace. They must show how they can endure this deprivation of the greatest luxury they have ever known, the luxury of giving for the honor of their Master. The very heroes and benefactors of the church, are passing through this test. May God support them!

The great public enterprises of the church are brought into trial, partly by the facts we have delineated. There has been little opportunity to curtail expenditures, and the necessities of the world have cried out against the abandonment of one field of Christian labor, or one undertaking, for the rescue of sinners from the horrors of an endless hell. But the receipts have rapidly diminished, and "the treasury in debt," has come to be the alarming cry of almost every benevolent association in Christendom. The most desperate struggles are going on in many directions, to keep the drafts and notes of these societies from going to protest. There is imminent danger



that credit, which has been good, in any part of the world, for a score of years or more, will be sacrificed for want of a few thousand dollars. We are alarmed by the prospect of returning missionaries, the breaking up of missionary stations, the return of the dark enveloping clouds of heathenism, that had been pierced by the rays of heavenly light, the despair of the half-awakened, and the triumph of the powers of darkness, where their empire had been threatened with a speedy overthrow! We fear a pause in our Bible presses, an interruption of our tract and religious book publications and distribution, and the arrest of our educational enterprises! Not that any true mind has any idea of the ultimate failure of these schemes of gospel mercy, but the probability of serious interruption in any of them, is, in view of the state of the world, an appalling prospect to the good.

In the mean time, there are special and most astounding trials in some directions. One man, high in public confidence, has been found a defaulter, to a fearful amount, in the use of sacred credit, threatening the most serious interruption in the work of one of our largest and best balanced Christian associations! Another is in peril by a reduction of its funds from sectional strife! Again, a splendid edifice, the work of a princely benevolence, just ready for use, is suddenly reduced to ruins by the torch of the incendiary, throwing what would seem an almost insupportable burden upon a large number of struggling churches! Then the flames of war break out in one of our greatest mission fields, and the blood of missionary martyrs flows again in sight of the church! Our missionary houses are burned to ashes, and our brethren driven to caves and mountains for the safety of life.

What does all this mean? Much we are sure that we are by no means capable of understanding, but much also, that, to our minds, is perfectly clear. God will have a tried people. We had almost come to think it otherwise. We had—let no one

doubt it—come really to demand *ease*, rather than *sacrifice*, in the support of the church and her institutions. We had thought the conversion of the world, henceforth, a question of time, and not of self-sacrificing toil, and the peril of life. In short, we were fast becoming an effeminate race of Christians, and the hardy energy, the patient endurance, and triumphing faith of the fathers seemed as impracticable as they were inconvenient! But another style of battling for the Lord of hosts, appears in view. There seems now to be some chance to test the muscle, and prowess, and endurance of God's spiritual warriors. Who now will be able to stand?

### A Day With Christ.

BY E. L. E.

Is there any greater enjoyment upon earth, than to spend a day with the friend we love best? Its pleasant intercourse, its undoubting confidence, its union of feeling, makes it the luxury of life. Then all the experiences of the past, the duties, trials and blessings of the present, and the hopes of the future are rehearsed, and the heart gathers strength for its burdens, and light for its shadows.

But do those who love Christ more than all others think much of spending days in his exclusive companionship? Does not even the heart, which at times has laid itself deliberately upon his altar, too often forget to seek light and strength in his immediate and continued presence?

How exquisitely sweet must be a day spent with Christ; to feel that he is near in every event of its passing hours; to look out, upon the beauties of earth and sky, and talk to him of things his hand hath formed; to execute the daily recurring duties, knowing that he is by, looking approval at the patient toil; and, in the times of relaxation and refreshment, to share the music, or the walk, or the refinements of art with one who delights in every pure and beautiful thing! An earthly friend



comes in; Christ is there, and the heart cannot slight so dear a guest by refusing an introduction to the new arrived. The soul that dwells with Christ will find little pleasure in any companionship where he is not admitted to full confidence. No talk of other friends will be sweet if he is excluded or slighted in the conversation; no plans for the future will be attractive if he does not share in the purpose; no source of enjoyment will promise a pleasure if the light of his countenance does not smile there. But, where Christ abides, is always joy; sorrow loses its sting, and adversity its bitterness, in his presence.

Then how sweet is rest after a day with Christ, no unforgiven sin leaving a thorn in the sleeper's pillow, no unhallowed emotion preparing a future pain, no sad forebodings of to-morrow stealing away the ability to repose. Christ giveth his beloved sleep.

What different Christians should we be, did we spend our days with Christ! How should we grow in holiness, in every grace of mind and heart! And how might our usefulness to others be increased, did we remember, in all our intercourse with our fellows, that Christ also is our guest, participating in all the honest socialities of life! There would then be no place for the idle word, the ungenerous remark, the unreasonable wish, the frivolous song, the envious glance, or selfish aspiration.

Will we not strive to remember that Christ is always here, whether we desire his companionship or not? Or rather, shall we not so yield up our hearts to his love, that there shall be no need of *striving*; his presence being so felt and cherished, that it is to us as much a reality, at all times, as though his form was one our eyes could look upon, and his voice was constantly heard repeating, "My peace I give unto you."

THE Word of God must not hang, like a jewel, only in the ear, but it must be cabined and locked up in the heart as its safest repository.—[Culverwell.

## The Standard of New Testament Piety.

BY REV. W. MAC DONALD.

THE question is often asked, "What is the standard of New Testament piety to which we are called in this life?" Jesus answers,—*"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father, which is in heaven, is perfect."* But what is it to be as perfect as God is? We are not to be omnipotent, nor omnipresent, nor omniscient, nor eternal; and still, we are to be like God. We are to be made partakers of *"his holiness,"* or of the *"divine nature."* We are to be pure as he is. This is that *"image and likeness"* of God in which we were originally created, and to which we may be restored by the atonement.

Dr. A. Clark remarks: "This perfection is the restoration of man to the state of holiness from which he fell, by creating him anew in Christ Jesus, and restoring to him that *image and likeness of God which he lost*. A higher meaning it cannot have; a lower meaning it must not have." We are to receive, through Christ, according to Dr. Clark, *all we lost of purity, by the fall*.

Mr. Watson says: "Sanctification is that work of God's grace, by which we are renewed *after the image of God*." The holiness of God is manifested, he says, "in restoring man to a sinless state, and to the *obliterated image of God* in which he had *been created*." According to Mr. Watson, the *"obliterated image of God"* is to be restored as we first received it.

St. Paul informs us that the *"new man,"* with which we may all be clothed, "is, after God, created in righteousness, and true holiness." We are to "walk in the light, *as he is in the light*;" "and in him is *no darkness at all*." "As he (God) is, so are we in this world" when our love is "made perfect." He who has the *"hope in him,"* of seeing God "as he is," "purifieth himself, even as he (God) is pure."

"Can we be as pure as God is?" Why



not? Is God unlike himself? If we are to be made partakers of *his holiness*, of *his nature*, and possess his *image and likeness*, which consists of "*righteousness and true holiness*," are we not as pure as he is?

"Then you make us Gods." Not at all. Is one ray of light from the sun, the sun? And yet, is it not like every ray that makes up the vast whole of the sun? Is one drop of water the ocean? And yet, is it not like every other drop that makes up the ocean? The quality is unchanged. The difference respects *quantity* and not *quality*. May we not then be *like* God and *not* God, as the drop is like the ocean, and not the ocean?

St. Paul informs us that, "when the body is dead because of sin, the *Spirit of God dwells in us*." Christ says: "*He will dwell in us*, that he and the Father will *make their abode with us*." Now, if we are "filled with the Holy Ghost," and have God and Christ dwelling in us, are we not like God?—have we not *God's nature* or *holiness*?

Suppose we fill a vessel with the water of the sea, and then submerge it in the sea, we have an illustration of Christ's saying, "I in you and you in me." The vessel is in the sea, and the sea is in the vessel. But mark: although the sea is in the vessel, yet all of the sea is not there. But what the vessel does contain, is as pure as that with which it is surrounded. It would be quite improper, however, for me to affirm, that, because the sea was in the bottle, every man who carried a bottle of sea water in his pocket, carried the whole ocean there. And yet it is true, that the only difference respects *quantity* and not *quality*. He has the ocean, but not all of it.

The perfection of God is *absolute*—to which nothing can be added. The perfection of man is neither *absolute* nor *comparative*, but *relative*. He is like God. Endless additions can be made to his perfection, and still he is not God.

To be perfect as God is, is to be *complete, wanting nothing*. Saint Paul says:

"Ye are complete in him." He exhorts us to "stand perfect and complete, in all the will of God." How much does this imply? Just enough to satisfy us. We ask no more; we are satisfied with nothing less. We are "filled with the Holy Ghost."

How much does a hungry man need to satisfy the demands of nature? Enough to *fill him*. When he has received that, he asks no more. If urged to eat more, he replies, "I have enough; I am satisfied; I have no farther need at present." Such was the measure received at Pentecost. This was their *perfection*—their *fulness*—their *completeness*—their *likeness to God*.

Such a *fulness* is so clearly taught in the Bible, it is a matter of surprise that all do not see it, and embrace it. David felt it, when he exclaimed, "My cup runneth over." Christ says, "The whole body shall be *full* of light—no part dark." "Your joy shall be *full*."

When *deacons* were to be chosen, men were selected who were "full of the Holy Ghost." Stephen was made choice of, because he was "full of faith and the Holy Ghost." Being "full of faith and power," he "did great wonders among the people;" and they were not able to resist the "wisdom and spirit by which he spake." John claims that they had "received of his fulness;" and Paul prays that the Thessalonians "may be filled with all the fulness of God." This is the standard of New Testament piety. Who can doubt it?

"But do you not exclude all growth in grace, by making the Christian complete, and perfectly satisfied with his present possessions?" We think not. Present fulness will no more satisfy for all coming time, than eating a hearty meal will prevent our hungering ever afterwards. Nor will the amount of food necessary for one period of life, be a sufficient amount for all periods of life. The amount of food necessary for a child will not be sufficient for a man, because the capacity of the latter is far superior to that of the former. Babies are



fed with milk, but men need meat. The heart is capable of indefinite expansion. The measure of grace which God gives, is "pressed down, shaken together, and running over." This process expands the heart, so that what is sufficient for to-day, will be a limited supply for to-morrow.

I illustrated a growth in holiness to some of my people—who were met to pray for clean hearts—in the following manner. A gas light was burning over my head. I raised my hand, and turned off the gas, so that a very small blaze was visible. I remarked that that burner was giving little light to what it was capable of giving. I then turned on the gas by degrees, until it diffused a bright light all through the room. I inquired if they could distinguish any difference between the greater and the lesser light? It was readily seen that the quality of the light was the same, but the quantity was greatly increased. In this manner a Christian may grow in grace through time and in eternity, and be *full of God* all of the time.

This fulness of which we speak, does not always imply *fulness of joy*; or, in other words, great *emotion*. It exists sometimes in the absence of all emotion. There is a *fulness of faith*, called, by the apostle, "*full assurance of faith*," which is much more reliable than our emotions.

In 1736, Mr. Wesley had a long conversation with Arvid Gradin, a German divine, of great purity, and deep experience in the things of God. Mr. Wesley requested him to give him, in writing, a definition of "*full assurance of faith*," which he did in the following words:

"Repose in the blood of Christ; a firm confidence in God, and persuasion of his favor; the highest tranquillity, serenity and peace of mind; with a deliverance from every fleshly desire, and a cessation of all, even inward sins."

This is what Mr. Wesley says he had learned from the oracles of God, and had been praying for, for several years, but had never heard it before from any living man.

But in a short time after this we hear him describing this blessed fulness thus:

"Heavenly Adam, life divine,  
Change my nature into thine;  
Move and spread throughout my soul,  
Actuate and fill the whole."

"Plunged in the Godhead's deepest sea,  
And lost in thine immensity!"

We adopt this as a correct definition of the *fulness, completeness, perfection, purity, holiness*, for which we contend, and which constitutes the standard of New Testament piety. May we make it a subject of thought, of desire, of faith, and constantly pray,—

"Refining fire, go through my heart,  
Illuminate my soul;  
Scatter thy life through every part,  
And sanctify the whole."

### Religion of the Age.

THE religion of the age is an *easy-minded* religion, without conflict and wrestling, without self-denial and sacrifice; a religion which knows nothing of the pangs of the new birth at its commencement, and nothing of the desperate struggle with the flesh and with the devil, day by day, making us long for resurrection deliverance, for the binding of the adversary, and for the Lord's arrival. It is a *second-rate* religion; a religion in which there is no largeness, no grandeur, no potency, no noble-mindedness, no elevation, no self-devotedness, no all-constraining love. It is a *hollow* religion, with a fair exterior, but an aching heart, a heart unsatisfied, a soul not at rest, a conscience not at peace with God; a religion marked, it may be, by activity and excitement, but betraying all the while the consciousness of a wound hidden and unhealed within, and hence unable to animate to lofty doings, or supply the strength needed for such doings. It is a *feeble* religion, lacking the sinews and bones of hardier times; very different from the indomitable, much enduring, storm-brav-



ing religion, not merely of apostolic days, but even of the Reformation. It is an *uncertain* religion; that is to say, not rooted on certainty; it is not the outflowing of a soul assured of pardon, and rejoicing in the filial relationship between itself and God. Hence there is no liberty of service; for the question of personal acceptance is still an unsettled thing; there is a working *for* pardon, but not *from* pardon. All is thus bondage, heaviness, irksomeness. There is a speaking for God, but it is with a faltering tongue; there is a laboring for God, but it is with fettered hands; there is a moving in the way of his commandments, but it is with a heavy drag upon our limbs. Hence the inefficient, uninfluential character of our religion. It does not tell on others, for it has not yet fully told upon ourselves. It falls short of its mark, for the arm that drew the bow is paralyzed.—[Rev. H. Bonar.]

### Bread upon the Waters.

#### A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"Ah, Jacob, now you see all your hopes are gone. Here we are, worn out with age—all our children removed from us by the hand of death, and ere long we must be the inmates of the poor-house. Where, now, is all the bread you have cast upon the waters?"

The old, white-haired man looked up at his wife. He was, indeed, bent down with years, and age sat trembling upon him. Jacob Manfred had been a comparatively wealthy man, and, when fortune smiled upon him, he had ever been among the first to lend a listening ear and a helping hand to the call of distress; but now misfortune was his. Of his four boys not one was left. Sickness and failing strength found him with but little, and they left him penniless. Various misfortunes came in painful succession. Jacob and his wife were alone, and gaunt poverty looked them coldly in the face.

"Don't repine, Susan," said the old man. "True, we are poor, but we are not yet forsaken."

"Not forsaken, Jacob? Who is there to help us now?"

Jacob Manfred raised his trembling fingers towards heaven.

"Ah, Jacob! I know God is our friend; but we should have friends here. Look back and see how many you have befriended in days long past. You cast your bread upon the waters with a free hand, but it has not yet returned to you."

"Hush, Susan, you forget what you say. To be sure, I may have hoped that some kind hand of earth would lift me from the cold depths of utter want; but I do not expect it as a reward for anything I may have done. If I have helped the unfortunate in days gone by, I have had my full reward in knowing that I have done my duty to my fellows. Oh! of all kind deeds I have done for my suffering fellows, I would not for gold have one blotted from my memory. Ah! my fond wife, it is the memory of the good done in life that makes old age happy. Even now, I can hear the warm thanks of those whom I have befriended, and again I see their smiles!"

"Yes, Jacob," returned the wife, in a low tone, "I know you have been good, and in your memory you can be happy; but, alas! there is a present upon which to look—there is a reality upon which we must dwell. We must beg for food, or starve!"

The old man started, and a deep mark of pain was drawn across his features.

"Beg," he replied, with a quick shudder, "No, Susan—we are—"

He hesitated, and a big tear rolled down his furrowed cheek.

"We are what, Jacob?"

"We are going to the poor-house!"

"Oh, God! I thought so," fell from the poor wife's lips, as she covered her face with her hands. "I have thought so, and I have tried to school myself to the thought; but my poor heart will not bear it."

"Do not give up, Susan," softly urged



the old man, laying his hand upon her arm. "It makes but little difference to us now. We have not long to remain on earth, and let us not wear out our last days in useless repinings. Come, come."

"But when—when shall we go?"

"Now—to-day."

"Then God have mercy upon us."

"He will," murmured Jacob.

The old couple sat for a while in silence. When they were aroused from their painful thoughts, it was by the stopping of a light cart in front of the door. A man entered the room where they sat. He was the porter of the poor-house.

"Come, Mr. Manfred," he said, "the guardians have managed to crowd you into the poor-house. The cart is at the door, and you can get ready as soon as possible."

Jacob Manfred had not calculated the strength he should need for this ordeal. There was a coldness in the very tone and manner of the man who had come for him that went like an ice-berg to his heart, and with a deep groan he sank back into his seat.

"Come—be in a hurry," impatiently urged the porter.

At that moment, a carriage drove up to the door.

"Is this the house of Jacob Manfred?"

This question was asked by a man who entered from the carriage. He was a kind-looking man, about forty-five years of age.

"That is my name," said Jacob.

"Then they told me truly," uttered the new-comer. "Are you from the workhouse?" he inquired, turning toward the porter.

"Yes."

"Are you after these people?"

"Yes."

"Then you may return. Jacob Manfred goes to no poor-house while I live."

The porter gazed inquisitively into the features of the man who addressed him, and then left the house.

"Don't you remember me?" exclaimed the stranger, grasping the old man by the hand.

"I cannot call you to my memory now."

"Do you remember Lucius Williams?"

"Williams?" repeated Jacob, starting from his chair, and gazing earnestly into the face of the man before him.

"Yes, Jacob Manfred—Lucius Williams—that little boy whom, thirty years ago, you saved from the house of correction—that poor boy whom you kindly took from the bonds of the law, and placed on board one of your own vessels."

"And are you—"

"Yes—yes, I am the man you made. You found me a rough stone from the hands of poverty and bad example. It was you who brushed off the evil, and who first led me to the sweet waters of moral life and happiness; I have profited by the lessons you gave me in early youth, and the warm spark which your kindness kindled up in my bosom, has grown brighter ever since. With an affluence for life, I settled down to enjoy the remainder of my days in peace and quietness, with such good work as my hands may find to do. I heard of your losses and bereavements. I know that the children of your flesh are all gone. But I am a child of your bounty—a child of your kindness, and now you shall be still my parent. Come, I have a home and a heart, and your presence will make them both warmer, brighter, and happier. Come, my more than father, and you, my mother, come. You made my youth all bright, and I will not see your old age doomed to darkness."

Jacob Manfred tottered forward, and sank upon the bosom of his preserver. He could not speak his thanks, for they were too heavy for words. When he looked up again, he sought his wife.

"Susan," he said, in a choking, trembling tone, "my bread has come back to me!"

"Forgive me, Jacob."

"No, no, Susan, it is not I who must forgive; God holds us in his hands."

"Ah," murmured the wife, as she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, "I will never doubt Him again."



**A Form of Consecration.**

Adopted by Dr. Adam Clarke, copied by his daughter from the original now in her possession.

JAN'Y 1st, 1784.

IN the name of God. Amen.

Through the abundant mercy and goodness of God, I have been convinced that by nature, I am a child of wrath, even as others, having every faculty of my soul stained by the original transgression; and, consequently, filthy and abominable in his sight, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity with the least allowance; and, finding that there was no way to escape the damnation of hell, which I have most justly merited by adding innumerable transgressions to my native depravity, but by believing in the Lord Jesus Christ;—by the grace of God, this I have been enabled to do, and can now call Christ Lord by the Holy Ghost which is given unto me. I am a living witness that Jesus pardons all who, sensible of their unrighteousness, and casting aside every other dependence, do take him for their Prophet, Priest, and King, and, with their whole heart, confide in his meritorious sufferings and death.

And, being made farther sensible that, since I knew God, I have not thoroughly endeavored to glorify him as God, neither have I been truly thankful for the manifold blessings received from his beneficent hands, I now considering I am not my own, being bought with the immense price of the blood of the Son of God, and therefore, by right of redemption, belonging solely unto him; I do now covenant with thee, the most high God, to give up my spirit, soul and body, to thy service, direction and disposal, determining, through thy gracious assistance, to know only thee, the living and true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. I determine also, through the same grace, to have the goings of my feet, the works of my hands, the words of my mouth, and the thoughts

of my heart ordered only by thee; that, in speaking, acting and thinking, I may constantly glorify thee, who hast called me from darkness into this state of salvation.

I am determined also to forsake all that is near or dear unto me rather than turn for a moment to the ways of sin. Also I will watch against all its temptations, whether of prosperity or adversity.

I embrace thee in thine offices. I take thee for all times and conditions, in sickness and in health, ease or pain, persecution, shame, poverty, contempt and reproach; and this not only for a day, week, month, or year, but to the very last period of my existence. And seeing it has pleased thee to give me thy evangelical laws for my rule of life, I subscribe to them as holy, just, good, and solemnly take them for the rule of my thoughts, words and actions. Farther, I renounce my own worthiness, and take thee for the Lord my Righteousness. I renounce my own wisdom, and take thee for my only Guide. I renounce my own will, and take thy will for my law, and endeavor to do what thou hast commanded, and to abstain from what thou hast forbidden. And now, great God, in order that I may continue faithful to all these engagements, I beseech thee, for Jesus's sake, to purify my deceitful heart, and to sanctify me throughout, body, soul, and spirit. O, dreadful Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, accept this covenant soul and body, with all I have, and all I am, to be thine in time, and to all eternity.

And now let the covenant which I here make, this first day of January, A. D., 1784, be ratified in heaven. In witness whereof, I now, in the presence of the ever blessed Trinity, and on the bended knees of my body, set to my hand.

ADAM CLARKE—So help me, God.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.



### Gracious Reviewings.

BY MRS. PALMER.

Not by Might, nor by Power—An Eventful Evening—The Witness of Holiness retained, and how—The Ground of Acceptance—Newness of Life, and its Manifestions—A Doctrine that will never be popular—Holiness is Power—The Doctrine not open for Doubtful Disputations in the Wesleyan Methodist Church.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12th, 1857.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN,—A letter is before me, dated September 17, which would have had a much earlier reply, if our time had been at our own command. Little did we imagine that we should have been so long detained from home. But Christ, the Captain of our salvation, has been with us, and, we believe, has ordered all the way before. I trust we have deeply, and at heart, felt for many years past, the significance of the divine declaration, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit," saith the Lord of hosts. But never before, perhaps, have we so experimentally apprehended the earnest import of this all-important truth. If good is done in the earth, it is through the might of the Lord of hosts. If holy conquests are gained, it is he who "teacheth our hands to war and our fingers to fight." But I feel that it is due to the praise of all-conquering grace, to record that I have not, during the past twenty years, been prone to the temptation that I can do anything effectually, but through the might of the Holy Spirit. Human or even angelic agencies are utterly impotent, only as nerved by the might of the Spirit. Though Gabriel were called to minister here on earth, by way of talking or writing, the ministrations of his lips or pen would be powerless for good otherwise than made effectual through the direct agency of the Holy Spirit.

AN EVENTFUL EVENING.

On the evening of July 26th, 1837, between the hours of eight and nine o'clock,

the Lord gave me such a view of my utter pollution and helplessness, apart from the cleansing, energizing influences of the purifying blood of Jesus, and the quickening aids of the Holy Spirit, that I have ever since retained a vivid realization of the fact. I feel that I have received the sentence of death in myself; that I should not trust in myself, but in him that raiseth the dead. The tempter oftener makes attempts to paralyze the energies of my faith on this wise. "You know that you have received the sentence of death in yourself, and, without the living power of a living Christ momentarily purifying and energizing your being, you can do nothing. And dare you, with all your unworthiness, claim momentarily this cleansing, energizing power from on high?" Yes, I dare claim it.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION RETAINED, AND HOW.

Daily and hourly, since that eventful period, have I claimed it. But it is only by a *continuous act of surrender, and a ceaseless act of faith*, that I claim and retain the grace. Not an hour, I trust, has passed, since that hallowed evening, twenty years since, in which I have not felt that I would rather die, than knowingly offend God. Through grace I have been enabled to present myself to God a *living sacrifice*. Through Christ, which strengtheneth me, I have been enabled to *keep* the sacrifice upon the altar. And through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ I have *retained* the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all unrighteousness. Not because of the worthiness of the offerer, or the greatness of the gift, has the offering been accepted, but because of the infinite virtues of that ALTAR upon which the offering has been laid. Not on the ground that I have never erred in thought, word or deed, but on the ground that I have, through the enabling power of the Holy Spirit, *kept* the offering on the altar, with a *sincere intention* to glorify God in all things, and conscious of supreme love to my Savior. And



while I have thus kept my unworthy offering on the *Christian's altar*, presenting myself a *living sacrifice* to God, I have not dared to dishonor Christ, by doubting whether the offering is "wholly acceptable unto God." In view of the *medium* through which it is being continually presented, that is, *through Christ*, I dare not doubt.

Nay, rather, I will, I do believe

"If all the sins which men have done,  
In thought, in will, in word or deed,  
Since worlds were made, or time begun,  
Were laid on one poor sinner's head,  
The stream of Jesus' precious blood  
Would wash away the dreadful load."

Neither the worthiness of the offerer, nor the greatness of the gift, is the availing plea or the ground of acceptance, but the infinitely meritorious blood of Jesus. This is the new and living way by which alone a redeemed world may enter into the holiest. And it is only by a continuance in this way, that is, by plunging deeper and yet deeper into the purple flood, that we can rise higher, and yet higher, in all the life of God. It is by this purifying, energizing process, that my soul, once dead in trespasses and sins, is being continually raised and sustained in *newness* of life. Momentarily am I being enabled to obey the command, "Likewise, reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive to God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

#### MANIFESTATIONS OF SPIRITUAL LIFE.

And this spiritual life has its legitimate manifestations. If thus quickened and risen with Christ, then the life of Christ must be manifest in this mortal flesh. It is due to the glory of God, to say, that, as year succeeds year bearing me nearer to the hour when this mortal shall put on immortality, I feel yet more of the blessedness of the life-giving power within. The Spirit worketh in me yet more and more mightily to will and to do. Many new and most blessed lessons is the Spirit teaching me, as I daily cast anchor yet deeper within the vail. Instead of shrink-

ing from the cross of Christ as formerly, it is now cause of my chief glorying. I feel that Christ has taken up his abode in my heart. He is my indwelling Savior.

#### DOCTRINES OF THE CROSS UNPOPULAR.

The doctrines of the cross never have been popular with the world; neither will they ever be until the world is renewed in righteousness. But I find, through the indwelling of Christ, that my heart is becoming yet more and more in love with *Truth*. And however disreputable its doctrines to the perceptions of the world-loving professor, my soul longs to apprehend it fully, in order that, with all the fervors of my being, I may embrace it, and set forth its excellency before a gainsaying world. But my spirit is continually reaching out for more of all the fulness of God. And while I ask, I receive, and am being enabled to apprehend yet more perfectly, that for which I have been apprehended by Christ. Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

#### EXEMPLIFICATIONS OF POWER.

Shall I lay before you some exemplifications of this power, as we have witnessed them during the past summer and fall months? We can take but a slight glance as we pass on, but I am sure you will, from the review, thank God, and take courage.

We will commence our review by saying, that quite a large portion of the scenes which we introduce to your attention, are laid in Canada. Holiness is power. And in Canada, this fact has been demonstrated to a degree beyond what we have witnessed elsewhere. The reason is obvious. In Canada, the doctrine of Christian holiness, as taught by Wesley, and set forth in our Book of Doctrines and Discipline, is not left open for controversy. Ministers are not *permitted* to talk or preach before the people as though it were left open as a



matter for doubtful disputation. It is conceded that those who unite with the Wesleyan church, approve of her doctrines, and are, of course, bound to sustain them as scriptural. We do not remember to have heard of but one departure from this. It was in the case of a minister, who, in his preaching, confounded the blessing of Justification and Sanctification as one and the same thing, as many a Methodist minister has with impunity done in the United States. But it was not with impunity that our Canada Methodist minister could be recreant to his trust in sustaining the doctrines of the church. His case was at once reported, and at the ensuing conference of ministers he was affectionately, yet authoritatively dealt with. The consequence was, that he renounced his error, and, at a recent camp meeting, he, with true nobleness of mind, yet with humility and earnestness, presented himself as a seeker of the blessing of entire sanctification. Before the meeting closed, he testified, before hundreds, of the all-cleansing efficacy of the blood of Jesus, the definite witness of which he had that morning received.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

### Pencillings by the Way.

BY DORA.

Number II.

I NOW and then glean some precious thoughts—some sweet words of comfort, and they seem to “fall on purpose when my heart is most sad and lonely.” The following remark, derived from “Rutherford’s Letters,” is a precious one.

“His most loved ones are most tried. The lintel stones and pillars of his new Jerusalem, suffer more knocks of God’s hammer, than the common side-walk stones. Yet it seems too much for me to believe that I am one of God’s *loved ones*.”

Another remark of his, respecting the indestructibility of the church, is very beautiful. “The bush has been burning these

five thousand years, *but no man yet saw the ashes of that fire.*” Rutherford was a persecuted saint. For two years he was confined at Aberdeen, but, he says, that “Jesus was sweet to him in that place.” He was deposed from his collegiate chair by the government, and his writings were burned in Edinburgh, by the hands of the common hangman. When he was on his dying bed, he received a summons from Parliament on a false charge of treason, but, with much composure of mind, he remarked, that he had got another summons before a superior Judge, and sent in reply, the following message:—

“I behoove to answer my first summons; and ere your day arrives, I shall be where few kings and great folks ever come.” The last words he uttered were, “Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel’s land!” When the Parliament heard that he was dying, a vote was taken that he should not die in the college as a professor. Lord Raleigh then arose, and very truthfully remarked, “*You cannot vote him out of heaven!*” Precious saint! expelled with seeming disgrace from his seat in college, but welcomed with honor, by the King of kings, to a seat at his own right hand!

Took up a bit of waste paper, and found on it the following sweet lines, which seem so appropriate to my present state of mind, I will transcribe them:

### “Talk with Jesus.”

ART thou passing through the furnace?

Talk with Jesus, he is nigh;  
He who said, ‘I’m with thee alway,’  
He will hear his children cry.

Does thy heart grow sad and weary,  
Sighing o’er the loved ones gone?  
Whisper to the ‘Man of sorrows,’  
Once he wept in grief alone.

Is thine earthly temple falling?  
Shews it signs of quick decay?  
Listen and thou’lt hear him saying,  
‘I await thee far away.’



Tell him all thy heart is feeling,  
 Waits he now to give relief;  
 Lists he ever to thy calling,  
 Feeleth all his children's grief."

Methinks my nature shrinks too sensitively from suffering reproaches and persecutions. There is too much *pride of heart* remaining. I am not sufficiently crucified. I choose the cross, because "necessity is laid upon me," but I do not *run to embrace it*; I do not *love* it; I do not *glory in reproaches*; I do not *rejoice in tribulation*; but am loth to take up the cross, am sad, disquieted, and doubtful in my afflictions; and this does not edify my own soul, nor benefit others. I cannot glorify God without a greater work wrought within! Yet how indifferent, how little interest!—how slow of heart to believe!

The fact that so many mortifying crosses are allotted me, brings to view a humiliating truth respecting myself. It reveals to me that pride, vanity, and love of self, are principles deeply engrafted into my nature. Why then should I so unwillingly embrace the cross that crucifies? Why so loth to have my heart purged from its selfishness, that I may be wholly lost in God? Far more valuable are these mortifications than all the honors that earth could heap upon me, yea, and more beneficial than ecstatic joys, and bright gleams of glory. It is the deep probings of the spirit, opening the wound—it is the light, revealing deformity—it is the bitter medicine for the diseased heart, that accomplishes the thorough work, which shall result in moral soundness. Yet, as children turn away with repugnance from the nauseous draught which is to remove the painful disease which is threatening them with speedy death, so do the children of our Heavenly Father despise his chastenings, and faint when they are rebuked by him. "If God, in the humiliations he brings upon us, wounds to the quick, so much the better; it is the charitable physician applying the remedy to our diseases which he would cure. Let us be silent, let us adore him

who strikes us; let us open our mouths only to say, "I have deserved it." However bitter the cup, we would swallow it to the dregs like Jesus Christ. He died for those who killed him, and he has taught us to love, to bless, and to pray for those who make us suffer.

The cross, when loved, is but half a cross, because love softens all; and we suffer much, only because our love is small. Crosses are the daily bread. We need crosses. We should make no progress, if God did not take care to turn the world and life into bitterness to us in order to detach us from them. The cross is never without fruit when we receive it in the spirit of sacrifice. The crosses of the present moment always bring their grace, and consequently their mitigation with them. It is the hand of God which makes itself felt in them. Let us rejoice, then, when our Heavenly Father tries us here below by divers interior and exterior temptations, when he renders all without us contrary, and all within painful. Let us rejoice, for it is thus that our faith, more precious than gold, is purified.

What! Let us not be discouraged. It is the hand of God, who hastens to accomplish his work. It is what we every day wish him to do; and as soon as he begins to do it, we are troubled. Our cowardice and impatience arrest the hand of God.

### Have Faith.

Art weary, brother? Do thy cares bear down?  
 Is life a sombre, barren waste to thee?  
 Does earth look drear and Heaven wear a frown?

Are storms arising over thy young life's sea?  
 Have faith, and look unto the shining Throne  
 Of God's sublimity.

O brother ne'er despair, there's work to do,  
 Work for which Heaven shall be the precious hire!

With Hope's gold hill e'er bursting on the view,  
 Can'st thou in God's own vineyard ever tire?  
 Doing with meekness all thou findst to do?  
 Aspiring higher.



### Responsibility of the Christian Minister.

BY REV. S. V. L.,—VA.

WOULD I describe a preacher such as Paul,  
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,  
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace  
His master strokes, and draw from his design.  
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;  
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,  
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,  
And natural in gesture; much impressed  
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,  
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds  
May feel it too; affectionate in look,  
And tender in address, as well becomes  
A messenger of grace to guilty men.

COWPER.

THE position occupied by the Christian minister is the most solemn and interesting that can be found in any department of human life. To a great extent the eternal destiny of scores of immortal souls is suspended upon his influence and labors. Called of God to stand as a watchman upon the walls of Zion, great interests are connected with the faithful execution of the trust confided in him. The vision of Ezekiel presents the painfully sacred position he occupies, as the prophet there paints it with the pencil of inspiration. The following verses, clothed in language the most impressive and significant, convey a faint idea of the solemn responsibility that rests upon him in his relations to God and man.

"So thou, O Son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore shalt thou hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me.

"When I say unto the wicked, O wicked man, thou shalt surely die; if thou dost not speak to warn the wicked from his way, that wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hand.

"Nevertheless, if thou warn the wicked of his way to turn from it; if he do not turn from his way, he shall die in his iniquity; but thou hast delivered thy soul."—Ezekiel xxxiii. 7, 8, 9.

God, in the constitution of his moral government upon the earth, has, for some wise end, selected man as the agent and instrument of its execution. And peculiarly has he entrusted the moral conquest, and final salvation of the world, to him whom he has called to stand between the living and the dead. No sphere of worldly honor and fame is left open for him to enter. His calling is far higher and more important than any furnished by the great commercial world. Through the avenues of his intellect, truth, illumined by the fire of the Holy Ghost, is brought to bear upon his heart, which he in turn must kindle upon the hearts of those to whom he proclaims the tidings of salvation. Through lips of clay, God reveals great truths, destined to prove unto scores of deathless spirits "the savor of life unto life, or of death unto death."

Two great considerations give to his position more than ordinary eminence: first, he is selected for the sacred office, not by angels or by men, but by that God, the whisperings of whose voice caused Sinai to tremble, and who will shortly come to be the Judge of an assembled universe. Secondly, while the truth which he proclaims have important bearings upon man's temporal interests, it affects particularly those interests which cluster around his eternal destiny.

There is no thought which more often awakens, in the soul of the Christian minister, feelings of profound awe and solemnity, than the thrilling truth that God has called him from the ordinary avocations of life, to become the bearer of the chalice of redemption to a dying world. So intensely painful becomes this tremendous truth at times, as it passes through the sanctuary of his soul that he would fain fly from his trust like God's ancient prophet, and hide himself in the mountain's cleft. To hold a commission involving the discharge of high and dangerous duties under an Alexander or Napoleon, would be a position of fearful interest. But to be commissioned of Jeho-



vah to "go into all the world and preach his gospel to every creature," while the destiny of thousands for eternity is suspended upon its immediate acceptance, involves the most soul-crushing responsibilities. To a great extent, the minister of Christ moulds the character of the community, and gives to it its moral tone. This he does by the magic power of contact; by gaining free access to the public mind, and daguerreotyping his own character upon the minds of those who surround him. Mingling with the people in the whirl of active life,—visiting at the home fireside—pouring consolation into the hearts of the afflicted and bereaved,—kneeling in prayer by the bedside of the dying; he thus gains the sympathy and affection of the community.

The soil being thus prepared, his messages from the sacred desk become powerfully effective. Iron hearts melt as he presents Calvary, with its dying victim. Tears moisten cheeks "to tears unknown" as successfully he warns them to "flee from the wrath to come." Strong men bow, like flowers in the tempest, as the attractions of the cross are presented, while scores and hundreds cry for mercy as, in trumpet tones, he pleads with them by their interests for eternity, by the glories of heaven, by the despair and anguish attending the wreck of their souls, "in Christ's name to be reconciled to God."

It is not that ambassador of Christ who is most extensively versed in ancient lore and modern science, who is most successful in the great work of winning souls to Jesus. He may be well read in the systems of philosophy taught by Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle; he may be equally versed in the writings of Homer and his contemporaries; he may touch, with a master hand, the secret springs of the systems of Confucius and Zoroaster; he may bring a thousand torches blazing from the fires kindled by human genius, and throw their light upon the sacred page in his investigations for truth, and yet all this

knowledge, unsanctified by the baptism of the Holy Spirit, will prove vain and fruitless. Neither is it he whose talents shine most brilliant; whose language is most finished and elegant; whose eloquence charms the multitude, and calls forth the voice of popular favor; and around whom gather admiring thousands, who is most successful in pointing sinners to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." Pyrotechnical preaching may gratify the fancy, but it rarely ever is successful in building up the faith of the church, or in bringing sinners back to God. The meteor may flash brightly for the hour; it may call forth the admiration of the multitude for a brief period;

"But when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,  
To night and silence turns forevermore."

He whose efforts are always crowned with success is he who drinks deepest at the fountain of holiness; who places learning and talents, gifts and influence, all upon the altar of the living God, and uses them only when the fire of divine grace has removed the dross, and prepared him, by a complete baptism of the Spirit, for his Master's work.

Upon the manner in which the minister of Christ discharges the duties God has made incumbent upon him, in no small degree hangs the eternal weal or woe of those upon whom he *does* or *might* exert an influence. He may bind the golden chain of divine love around scores by the bright light emanating from his own character; he may win many to a complete consecration of soul and body to Christ, and the practical discharge of the duties of our holy religion, by teaching the great doctrine of Holiness in his "daily walk and conversation," and becoming himself its living illustration; or by a manifest disregard of vital piety, either in sentiment or example; by making his own elevation tower above the promotion of God's glory, he may lose the respect and confidence of all, or many, over whom he



might have an influence, and thus become the gilded vessel sailing under false colors, bearing a cargo of immortal souls to the dark ocean of eternal ruin.

It is not the work of the minister of Christ to rear columns and carve statues to adorn earthly temples, so soon to moulder beneath the blasting touch of time. His sphere of action is far higher. His material is immortal. He is striking blows with the hammer of truth, which will vibrate long after the last star has been blown out. He is rearing columns of mind to beautify that temple wherein the Lamb dwelleth. His mission is to bring the dark elements of man's unregenerate nature beneath the moulding and sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit; in short, to contribute, by every means in his power, to restamp the lost moral image of God upon a wrecked world. He is to gather souls to "shine as the stars forever and ever;" spirits to blaze as bright jewels in the diadem of the world's Redeemer. His sermons are to be delivered by the power of example, and the moral influence of precept. He is to thunder from the pulpit; to speak in the majesty of silence through the press; to cry in the crowded thoroughfares of life, and continually to warn a world of the wrath of the Lamb.

Solemn and awful is the position of the minister of God as dismantled wrecks are drifting past him to the ocean of despair. O that God would fire the hearts of his servants with new and undying zeal, that they may rest not in ease, but, sweeping hill and valley, scouring the crowded street, and the deserted highway, they may live lives of active devotion to God, in snatching souls as "brands from the eternal burnings."

COMFORT.—The only way to find comfort in an earthly thing is to surrender it, in a faithful carelessness, into the hands of God.—[Hall.

Our sufficiency is of God.

"He will lead you into all Truth."

#### A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCE.

HONOLULU, S. I., Aug. 31, 1857.

Messrs. Editors,—I have, in my possession, a letter from a Mr. James Bicknell, who has been a missionary at the Marquesas Islands for the past four years; and, thinking it might be of service to the cause of holiness, I forward it to you for publication in the Guide, by his permission. I do this the more so from the peculiar manner in which he was led to embrace Christ as an entire Savior. His exercises of mind, since he entered into the rest of *perfect love*, have been as remarkable, probably, as those of Madame Guyon, or Lady Maxwell. It has been my privilege to read his Journal, embracing a year or more of his experience in the deep things of God, and they are certainly wonderful. Another thing that adds peculiar interest to this case is, he was all alone, among the heathen; having never heard a sermon, or read a book, upon the subject of entire sanctification, until after his attainment of the blessing. His own spiritual state drove him to the Bible for light. Here it was he found that it was not only the Christian's privilege, but duty, to be wholly sanctified; to be cleansed from all sin in the present life. His is a case purely of being led by the truth of God and the Holy Spirit alone. The work, we have every reason to believe, is well done.

This good young Brother is with us at the present, overseeing the printing of portions of the Gospels into the Marquesan language. He will return to his field of labor in the course of a few months. We are enjoying his society very much. He attends our meetings for holiness. We find him rich in experience. Some five years ago, he united with one of the Congregational churches of this city, and was sent out by the Hawaiian Missionary Society to labor among the dark islanders of the Pacific. It was with great reluctance that the Society sent him, because he had not graduated at some theological seminary; but their yielding to his and the wishes of a few friends has fully dissipated their fears as to his qualifications. The Lord has been educating him upon the ground, and in his work, *infinitely better* than he could have been in any theological school.

There is, probably, but one sentence in this letter to which we would object. This is towards the close. This is it. "It is identified



with my being, and cannot be lost." The letter is yours, to use as you may, in your judgment, deem best. Yours fraternally.

W. S. TURNER.

HONOLULU, August 29, 1857.

Dear Brother Turner,—Agreeably to your request, I send you an account of my Christian experience. May the testimony here given to the fulness of the salvation purchased by Christ, be an encouragement to you in contending for the faith which was "once delivered to the saints."

It was during a time of revival that I joined the church. I had no very definite object in view in joining further than an imperfect desire to glorify God. Convinced, by a train of reasoning, that my duty was to glorify God, I resolved to do so, and it was upon the strength of this resolve that I joined the church. I had no convictions of sin, or, if I had any, they were so slight as to cause no distress of mind. The want of conviction prevented me from feeling my need of Jesus in its length and breadth, and, as a consequence, I made but an imperfect consecration of myself to God. I was not a "living sacrifice." My course of life was changed; but it was a change which extended little farther than to things outward and seen. The under-current of the thoughts and intents of the heart remained undisturbed, while the upper surface alone was ruffled. I sat easy under this state of things, until I had been several months at the Marquesas, and received an accession of grace, which opened my eyes, and ultimately caused me great distress of mind on account of sin. Previous to this accession of grace, I had not felt the burden of sin, and, consequently, made but little effort to free myself from its yoke. But, after it had come, my conviction of sin became very pungent. I was distressed because I saw plainly that I was not acting up to duty. While in this state, the thought was often suggested to my mind, whether it would not be better for me to plunge back into open sin

than to hold the doubtful position in which I was standing. Thanks be to God, I was not permitted to turn back, but, in view of my danger, to strive against the motions of sin's workings within me. Not knowing the way of faith, I became entangled, in my strivings for freedom from sin, by a spirit of legality, which entailed upon me much labor and sorrow. I labored under the impression that, after drawing me into the church, the work of the Holy Spirit was ended; what was remaining to be done, such as perfecting the Christian character, etc., was my work, and it was upon the faithfulness with which I prosecuted this work, that God accepted me. The more I groaned under these convictions of sin, the more I strove to free myself from the bondage. I prayed more, read the Bible more, commenced a system of self-examination, and, in words, daily offered myself to God. Thus, by works, I was trying to root out the seeds of sin. God, however, did not forsake me, and, although I was attempting to establish my own righteousness, there were seasons when I rejoiced in the light of his countenance. But these seasons were of short duration, and were usually followed by a darkness of soul which made the yoke of sin all the more galling. God permitted me to go on in this legal way, in order to show me that men are "saved by grace, through faith, and not of works." This knowledge has been worked out in my own experience. There is no farther need for me to turn to the Bible to learn that men are saved through faith, and not by works. I have only to turn to my own experience in order to know this.

In tracing the steps by which God has led me, I have often been made to exclaim, "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

To accomplish this work in me, God called me away to a heathen land. He separated me from the society of Christians, and from the privileges of civilized life.



There, in that heathen country, by trials and temptations, he brought me face to face with my own heart. Had I remained in Honolulu, the state of society would have shielded me from many of the temptations to which I was subjected at the Marquesas. In Honolulu, the world would have thrown its seductions around me; but I should, most likely, not have been haunted with the fear of falling back into sin. The necessity of being clothed in the whole armor of God would not have appeared so great. At the Marquesas, the furnace was heated seven times. It was made plain to me that I must have more holiness, or else sink under the temptations by which I was beset. There was no compromising with sin. I must either overcome it, or be subject to it. Having practised a system of works, and failing in my own strength to gain the mastery over sin, I began to despair, and, in my despair, I threw myself upon the Lord Jesus Christ. I gave myself up to him as far as my light would allow, and he came to me, not with mighty thunderings and lightnings, but without observation. He performed his work within me so silently, that I cannot now refer to any particular period as the time when I was freed from the bondage of sin. All along my Christian course, I have had manifestations of the Spirit. By referring to my Diary, I can point out the seasons when I experienced these manifestations; but these manifestations I have ever looked upon as the accompaniments only of sanctification, but not sanctification itself.

Sanctification is the work of the Holy Ghost. It is not the Holy Ghost itself, but it is the effect of his presence. Wherever the Holy Ghost takes up his abode, there is sanctification, according to the measure of his presence present. If a man be filled with the Holy Ghost, he will be sanctified wholly, but, if he be not filled, then he will not be sanctified wholly.

The only evidence I have that I am delivered from the power of sin is the fact itself. Formerly, I was under the power

of sin; now, I am not. Sin has no dominion over me. This is the evidence of my sanctification.

It deserves to be mentioned here, that it was the desire to be delivered from the motions of sin working within me, which urged me to strive after holiness, and it was the teachings of the Bible which inspired me with the hope of attaining it. A sermon upon the subject of sanctification, as attainable in this life, I had never heard. Books upon the subject I had not read, until I had entered into the rest of faith. God alone has been my teacher, and I must confess that he has led me by a way which I knew not. The evidence of my sanctification I never expect to lose. It is identified with my being, and cannot be lost. "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." J. BICKNELL.

### Hymn to the Savior.

BY E. L. E.

SAVIOR, I give my heart to thee,  
Thou who hast done so much for me;  
Hast died my soul from death to free,  
And liv'st my guardian friend to be;  
Savior, I give my heart to thee.

Savior, no other bliss I crave  
Than this—thy sacred feet to lave  
With drops from love's o'erflowing wave,  
And humbly trust thy grace to save;  
Savior, no other bliss I crave.

Savior, "Thy will, not mine, be done,"  
Be this my prayer, my only one;  
With evening's shade, or morning's sun,  
While life's short race I quickly run;  
Savior, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Savior, accept my hymn of praise;  
Though weak the notes my voice can raise,  
My soul to thee would tune her lays  
In ceaseless strains, through endless days;  
Savior, accept my hymn of praise.



Savior, to thee the crown be given—  
 Thou Lord of earth, thou King of heaven,  
 Thou who with death and hell hast striven,  
 And all their mightest powers hast riven;  
 Savior, to thee the crown be given.

We welcome E. L. E. as a contributor to our pages. Whenever opportunity offers, we shall be glad to hear from her.—[EDS.]

### Harvest Home.

You know what a harvest home is. I was once at one when I was a very little child, and the memory is still fresh and sweet in my heart. The sun has set in glory on the hills, and the harvest moon is riding in the sky; the last wain loaded with the yellow corn has returned from the field, and the husbandman has come home "bringing his sheaves with him." The door is shut, the fire is blazing on the hearth, the children are all gathered, and the servants, and friends, and neighbors. The table is spread; the father takes his place at the board; "they begin to be merry," while they think their labor done, the plenteous fruit laid up in the garner, and the long winter nights of rest before them. Such will heaven be when the ransomed of the Lord shall have returned and come to Zion,—when the door shall be shut, the everlasting table spread, and all the children gathered in the presence of their Father. There, holy fathers and mothers and their saved children shall meet, never to part again—teachers and their scholars, faithful ministers and the sheep and lambs they have gathered and fed in the wilderness. *That will be the great harvest home!* Then "shall be a joy like unto the joy in harvest." "They that went forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them;" and through a long, long eternity, "they that sowed and they that reaped shall rejoice together."—[Islay Burns.]

### Be Ye Holy.

BY H. C.

WHAT candid mind is there possessed of sincere desire to know the truth, who will not on a prayerful search of the word of God, be delighted and instructed with its plain, simple exposition of the doctrine of holiness.

First comes the divine command, "Be ye holy." Why? "For I, the Lord, am holy."

Second, in what holiness consists; "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart," etc., "and thy neighbor as thyself."

Third, how this state of grace is to be obtained. First, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Second, "by leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ," and "going on to perfection."

Fourth, how is it to be retained? By being "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Fifth, the consequence or result. "But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life."

But, exclaims the fearful, if I should gain this state of grace, I could not live it. What, live without sin? Yes, trembling brother, sister, live without sin. Wouldst thou for one little moment dare to distrust the Infinite, the God of love? Wouldst thou distrust the ability of him whose mission is to save his people from their sins? Nay, but rather trust in him who "is faithful who also will do it," at thy request. But dost thou plead, my temptations are very great, and peculiar? Has he not said, that in every temptation he would provide a way of escape, that thou mayest be able to bear it? Again, Christ, our strength, has been tempted in all points like as we, yet without sin, "that he might know how to succor those that are tempted." Then seek holiness; prayerfully, earnestly, believingly, perseveringly, and thou hast



the promise, that God will take the stony heart out of thy flesh, and give thee a heart of flesh, that thou mayest walk in his statutes, and do them. May the very God of peace sanctify thee wholly, and preserve thy soul and body unto everlasting life Amen.

Michigan, June, 1857.

### The Work of Holiness in New York some Years ago.

BY REV. A. KENT.

[Second Paper.]

AT the General Conference in New York, 1812, I formed an acquaintance with Brothers N. C. Hart, G. W. Pitman, and others, who were greatly interested for the revival and spread of gospel holiness in the church. They not only professed with their lips, but their lives gave good evidence that they had consecrated all to God, as their works shone in meekness and humility. We enjoyed a profitable correspondence up to the time of the camp meeting, in 1819, of which I wrote. From that time our hearts were more fully cemented in one. Many of their letters to me—by frequent removals—have been mislaid and lost; but I shall give extracts of a few from Brother Hart.

"NEW YORK, December 12, 1819.

"The subject of sanctification has become a theme of considerable conversation among the people, and here and there one drinks into the sweet spirit of simplicity, lets go the speculative part, and struggles into liberty. Glory to God, my brother! Two bright evidences within a few weeks; and I pray God to increase the number.

"You recommended to me, at the Huntington camp meeting, to form an intimacy with such as drink into one spirit on this subject. We have formed several bands, or, as we call them, select prayer meet-

ings, composed only of such as have experienced the blessing of perfect love, or those truly awakened to feel the necessity of it, and are steadily seeking for clean hearts. Our rules, in part, are taken from Mrs. Fletcher's, that governed similar institutions. We generally oppose receiving any who are gay and fashionable in their appearance. These little societies being select, and the strictness of our rules, and the method of receiving members, has engaged many against us, even those of our friends and brethren. We are sometimes called, the "holy band," the "new sect," "new lights," etc.; but the Lord meets with us, and I find no place where God so blesses my soul; but O, my brother, did you but know what a poor weak worm I am, and how much I am tormented and harassed by the enemy, you would really pity me. I thank the Lord that I am permitted to find a shelter in the Lord Jesus."

"February 7, 1820."

"I have just returned from one of our select prayer meetings. In these meetings, the Lord has made known his power in a gracious manner since I last wrote you. Several, in the circle of my acquaintances, have borne testimony that God has power on earth to cleanse from all sin, and I think I never felt nor discovered such a real struggle for holiness among believers in my life as of late, and the awakening power of God in our congregations is uncommon; our prospects are glorious. My soul rejoices in the work. The Lord increases my faith, love, and confidence. O my brother, through grace and mercy, my sky is clear. I feel the love of Christ like a living fountain in me. I hang on the adorable Jesus by faith. O how I long to see the holy flame of perfect love spread and burn all before it! I have frequently to bear a living testimony for God. I do believe I have an interest in your prayers. Never did I realize in such clearness the mercy of an advocate to plead my cause in the kingdom of God as of late."



"November 8, 1820."

"Yours came to hand about a week ago. I was very much pleased to hear such good news. I rejoice with you, my brother. This world appears not to be my dwelling-place. I am striving for a city out of sight. I can say, with the poet,

Not a cloud doth arise to darken my skies,  
Or hile for one moment my Lord from my eyes.

"Although I do not always feel the same animation, yet I am enabled to live by faith in the Lord. He bears with my infirmities and weakness, and I am frequently astonished at his mercy; it makes me rejoice in the God of Elijah. Never, to my recollection or knowledge, has sanctification been so much the subject of the people's desire or inquiry as at present. Now and then a happy witness is raised up to bear testimony for the Lord. Shall I tell you, my brother, how my soul prospers in all things? I have instances when the creature has been required to take up heavy crosses. It has come to this:—'I will do it, let the consequences be what they may. I can trust the Lord. Nothing shall harm me!' Although trembling, and almost quaking, the sacrifice has been prepared, put upon the altar, the knife drawn to slay it, when the Lord has spoken at the moment, and said, it is sufficient, and by that has shown that self must—it must be completely broken down. As a society, we have considerable peace in our borders. I strive more, of late, to keep myself entirely out of the way of hearing any contention, and, notwithstanding all our difficulties, God is with us."

At this time, the church in New York was in a state of painful agitation, and, in my next, I shall allude to it, and how the little company managed to save themselves and others from harm.

New Bedford, Nov., 1857.

If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.

### The China Crucifix.

JOHN WESLEY used to relate an illustrative circumstance. A poor ignorant woman of the Roman Catholic Church, had the misfortune to break her china crucifix; and immediately ran to her priest, to inform him, being overwhelmed with terror and grief on account of her loss, and crying out, Oh, I have broken my crucifix! I have broken my crucifix! and now I have nothing to trust in but the great God! Nothing to trust in but the great God! The great God was to her a far-off imagination, an abstraction without reality, and the crucifix had been her real present god, the idol of her fears and superstitions. The crucifix had been the object of her worship, and had stood between her and God, in the place of God, so that any knowledge of God, any right thought concerning him, any true confidence in him, was impossible, and it was utter and frightful desolation to be left with nothing but the great God to trust in.

Now, whatever our hearts rest upon as an idol, in the place of God, is no better than a china crucifix. Whatever we rely upon in such a way that it comes between us and God, and is coveted and embraced as a source of independence apart from him, or an alleviation of our sorrows, a comfort to our hearts, and a source of strength without him, becomes, so far, an idol, and prevents the possibility of that affectionate, entire, sincere, and fearless trust in God, that simple, childlike confidence, which would make us happy. We may have a great many china crucifixes; it was well for that old woman if she had but one. John Wesley, in relating the story, cried out in his preaching: What a mercy that she had the great God to trust in! And the way in which he spoke it, and the words of instruction from it, were so affecting, that another great sinner went away with that idea smitten, as it were, into his soul, as the stone from David's sling sunk into the forehead of Goliath. The great God to trust in! The great God to trust in! We



want no crucifix if we have him. Every idol will be thrown down, every *dragon* of our worship cast out, if he reigns. The great God to trust in! If we do trust in him, it is strength; the faith is our strength, and God is our strength, and in him we are impregnable. "Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might; let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth, glory in this; that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." To have this knowledge of God as a living experience, this understanding of him by the teaching of his Spirit, this confidence in his loving kindness by participation of it in the soul, by the earnest of the Spirit in the heart, is better than all riches, and makes you superior to all trials and distresses, because *they themselves* are a part of God's loving-kindness, and are known and felt to be so by the heart that knoweth *him*.

### The Power of the Gospel.

BY REV. D. SHERMAN.

THE gospel of Jesus, though the most silent, is yet the most efficacious and powerful agency employed by God among men. While the extreme simplicity, the rusticity of the system, have ever proved to the Jew a stumbling-block, and to the Greek foolishness, the genuine believer has found it the power of God and the wisdom of God. No other scheme can present to the eye of the world such a history, embodied in human forms, but operating with a super-human energy. The achievements of the cross, stretching on from the day of inauguration to the present hour, afford the sublimest chapters in the annals of the race. They display openly the divine power and providence,—the arm of God, in its wide sweep across the bosom of the race, dispensing blessings everywhere; his

Spirit infusing life, joy, peace, through the great household of humanity; in a word, the celestial appliances for the communication of good let down to earth, to attract, purify, elevate to a higher, holier state the scattered fragments of our degenerate and ruined natures.

In the ears of the sinner, who has fallen beneath the influence of wealth, pleasure, or fame, does this gospel sound the trumpet of the judgment more terrific than the blasts that shook the firm pillars of Sinai. That heart is deceitful, and desperately wicked, baffling the most penetrating researches of the human intellect; yet does the word of God penetrate its inmost recesses, thread its tortuous and fearful labyrinths, find the secret chambers of the imagery, and prove itself sharper than the two-edged sword, "piercing even to the dividing asunder of the soul and spirit, the joints and the marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Not only is it wise to discern his sins, but mighty to fasten them on the conscience, causing him to realize that Justice, with her measured, but certain step, is on his track, sure, in the end, to find him out. He finds no hiding-place, no dark spot where the ever vigilant eye of the gospel does pierce; no retreat, where he can venture, even for a few hours, to repose in security; he hears a voice behind him waxing louder and louder, and that seems to foretell his doom,—“If they that sinned under Moses' law perished, of how much sorer punishment shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and accounted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing?”

The efficacy of the gospel is displayed not only in summoning up the sins of a man which will cause him to tremble as though before the bar of God, at the massive and hideous accumulations, the mountain weight already sinking him into hell, but eminently in the renovation, the new and beautiful moulding, of that vile and refuse character. Entering the individual heart, it



subdues that sinful nature, eradicates those unhallowed desires, casts out the devils that had, for long years, desecrated that temple of the Holy Ghost, plants therein holy and right principles, that shall reign till the image of the Savior is fully formed within.

Over the broad surface of society does the system, like the sun at mid-day, diffuse its genial, life-giving beams. Vices that, under the shadow of heathenism, stalk abroad as some foul and ravenous beasts of prey, hide themselves from this light; while upon these hoary evils of the world, these cancerous and loathsome moral diseases, that have preyed upon the vitals of the race, is its intense light concentrated, exposing the shame and hatefulness of sin, and causing the transgressor, after repeated efforts, to bolster up his enormities, to make them appear respectable to his own mind at least, either to renounce the hidden things of darkness, or to blind his mind to the effulgence of divine truth.

While sweeping these Augean stables of their intolerable nuisances, the purifying, elevating process has been going forward. The scale, however imperceptibly, gradually raises the social mass to higher and more spiritual regions. The coarser tastes, the ruder customs, the more barbarous laws disappear by no notable revolution, but by a silent, steady abrasion. Under the gospel, the old vices are lost amid a new growth of good deeds which come along without observation, as the glories of spring blush out from the embrace of winter, we hardly know when or how.

The eminency of that power is observed in the fact that this renewal comes in opposition to human interest, custom and predilection. Man works; but God, through the gospel, counterworks. Man strikes out his petty plans, but the track of the gospel, that, like the gulf stream, sweeps across the entire extent of human history, often thwarts them. Human contrivers often fail; the gospel never, since all things

are rendered tributary to it, swelling onward, to fill out the sum of its blessed results. Men often aver that the gospel is a failure; but this is untrue. That gospel is more than a match for all adverse forces combined, and, though often apparently retreating from the field, is sure to rally with fresh vigor, until earth and hell shall cast their trophies at the Redeemer's feet.

### Look up to God for Light.

BY ORRIN P. ALLEN.

LONE traveller, weary,  
Is thy way dreary?  
Are fears intruding,  
And shadows brooding,  
Amid the gloom of night?  
Look up to God for light!

Is wealth now leaving?  
Are hopes deceiving?  
Are all now scorning,  
Thy honor wronging?  
Oh! leave thou not the right,  
Look up to God for light.

Art thou now grieving?  
Hast no relieving?  
From pain and sorrow?  
Then hope—the morrow  
May bring thee sweet delight;  
Look up to God for light!

Is danger swelling  
Around thy dwelling?  
Are winds now raging  
Without assuaging?  
Then pray thou in thy might;  
Look up to God for light!

And wouldst thou often  
Thy sorrows soften?  
By joys that ever,  
Flow from the Giver  
Of life's supreme delight?  
Look up to God for light!

When death is nearing,  
'T will then be cheering,  
If round thee gleaming,  
His love is beaming  
To whom thou 'st turned thy sight,  
And sought directing light!

Vernon, Vt.



### A Christian Sepoy, and his Dismission from the Army.

THE circumstances of the case of the dismissal of a Christian Sepoy in 1819, which so intimately concern the inquiry into the causes of the present rebellion, are narrated at some length in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*. The history is taken from an account written at the time by Mr. Fisher, the army chaplain at Meerut, who had baptised the Sepoy convert, and addressed to the then Bishop of Calcutta.

"It is a remarkable fact, (says the *Intelligencer*,) and we leave it with our readers to reflect upon, that the military station where the insurrection first exhibited itself in its most terrific and merciless features, and where the first were slaughtered of Europeans, without distinction of sex or age, was perpetrated in this very same city of Meerut, where the first Sepoy, that we are aware of, made public profession of his faith in Christ, and was dismissed as one disqualified for service, from the ranks of the native army."

Mr. Fisher states, that numbers, both of Mohammedans and Hindoos, were in the habit of visiting his house, to inquire into the meaning of different passages of the Scriptures. The soldier, Matthew Prabhu Din, was among his occasional visitors, and he gathered the particulars regarding his conversion from his own lips. The narrative then proceeds:—

"His visits to me were very frequent, and the decided change of his opinions, and, I trust, of his heart, marked and satisfactory. I found he had been long laboring under deep conviction of the worthlessness and wickedness of his heathen ignorance and idolatry, even for nine years. He kept these thoughts much to himself, preferring to wait 'the convenient opportunity;' but the convictions of his heart became stronger and stronger, until he went with his regiment to the Isle of France. There he used to watch for opportunities to steal into the Christian Church, and comfort himself by

thinking to worship the Christian's God in spirit, though ignorant of the meaning of the language, or of the terms of devotion which were in use, and could only comfort his sorrowful heart with the conscious reflection, 'that the Christian's God knew his heart.' He earnestly longed to meet with some one who should be competent to instruct him what he must do to be saved. Yet many depressing fears of consequences, both of a temporal and spiritual nature, frequently discouraged him. At last he made up his mind, that if ever opportunity should offer itself to speak to a Christian clergyman, he would unfold the state of his soul, let the consequences be what they might. He gave a very affecting account of his state of mind during the remainder of his stay at Mauritius, and in his voyage back to Calcutta.

"A furlough being granted to the soldiers who had distinguished themselves, Prabhu Din went to his native village; and, after spending a little time with his relations there, he was not contented merely to display the medal upon his breast, but unfolded his whole mind, and his fixed resolution, to embrace Christianity. At first, they endeavored to dissuade him, but finding him immovable, desisted, and parted from him with many tears; his mother exclaiming, as he left her, "You have changed your faith, and lost your caste, and say you have found the true God. Beware you never change again!" He rejoined his regiment at Cawnpore, which happened immediately to be moved to the station of M—. His first inquiry was, "Who is the chaplain, and does he teach my brethren?" He was told of the little upper chamber, where the native Christians met together, and went to see them. "I felt at once," said he, "when I saw the nature of their employment, and heard their words; that Jesus Christ had heard my prayer. God's mercy has brought me here." His frequent visits were soon observed by the Brahmins of his corps, and, when they became apprised of his intention to become a



Christian, they manifested great sorrow to him, and strove to convince him of what they thought his folly, and by kind remonstrances, to shake his purpose. They enlarged on the perilous consequences which would surely follow, the irremediable loss of his high and honorable caste, the rejection of all intercourse in future with his numerous and dear friends, the certain displeasure of the government, who would assuredly disgrace and dismiss him for becoming a Christian; thus, that he would lose everything dear to him in life, and finally life itself; for who would give him *khana peene* (maintenance)? His reply was uniformly the same:—"Jesus Christ will be my friend; he is the friend of all who trust him; and as to caste, there is none so high as the Christian caste. It is more honorable than all, for Christians are the people of the true God; he is their Father. My becoming a Christian, cannot make me a bad soldier, and I see no reason to believe that government will cast me off, any more than any other non-commissioned officer; for instance, the sergeant-major, or the quartermaster-sergeant, or the drummers, all of whom are Christians; and why should they punish me unless I commit some fault?"

"The Brahmins, now finding him so resolved, tried to shake his steadfastness by the offer of money, and proposed to subscribe, and settle upon him, a monthly sum of twenty rupees for his life. This, he instantly rejected, saying, that he believed Jesus Christ would provide for him, much better than they could, and, with this advantage, that it would be forever. Finding him resolute, they attempted to vilify his character, represented him to be a drunkard and a glutton, nay, at last, insisted upon it, that he was insane. Some of these scandals appear to have been believed by some of his superiors, for a regimental inquiry was instituted into his conduct, the result of which, however, was, that the most satisfactory evidence was brought forward, not only that he had always con-

ducted himself remarkably well, but that he was a particularly smart, intelligent, and active soldier.

"He was baptized by me, at his own request, (which, I beg your Lordship will have the goodness particularly to observe,) on the 10th of October, just before his departure on some regimental duty, and there was an end of the matter. The Brahmin soldiers ceased to trouble him, and the only symptom of 'consternation' which the major, in the plenitude of his zeal so pathetically laments, is, that the naick cooks and eats his meals by himself, barred from admission within the magic circle by which the Brahmin surrounds his choola. In every other immaterial respect he remains just as he was before, to use that military phrase, 'a steady soldier' and a good man. The only mark upon him is, that he reads his Bible, and prays to the one eternal God, through Jesus Christ his Savior. I have the honor to be," etc.

A court of inquiry was called at Meerut on the 6th of January, 1826, in obedience to the orders of Government. "For the result of this inquiry, I," (says Mr. Fisher) "somewhat anxiously waited, expecting that Prabhu Din would be, of course, restored to his forfeited rank and situation in his corps, but it was deemed advisable to abide by the directions already given respecting him, and he has remained at Meerut since, living on his pay. Better than all, he continues to live consistently with his profession, a sincere and faithful Christian believer.

### Going Home.

A few more years of toil and woe,  
A few more lonely days on earth,  
A few more sad farewells below,  
A few more tears around our hearth,  
And we shall see in shining light  
The glories of the heavenly dome,  
O! pilgrims faint not in the night,  
When morning dawns we'll be at home.

The foolishness of God is wiser than men.



### Gratitude for Life.

I THANK thee, Lord, for life,  
 This life which thou hast given,  
 For its calm, peaceful joys,  
 Its blest foretaste of heaven.

Fair is this world of thine,  
 And beautiful, and bright;  
 Each day bespeaks thy praise,  
 'Tis echoed by each night.

What, though betimes a cloud,  
 The ether blue o'ercasts,  
 What, though we sometimes hear,  
 Stern winter's wailing blasts?

These quickly pass away,  
 And sunshine comes again,  
 So life is not all gloom,  
 There 's pleasure with our pain.

There's joy 'mid sorrows dark,  
 Peace oft succeeds unrest,  
 And e'en the sufferer,  
 May be in suffering blest.

They, whom the Father loves,  
 Shall feel his chastening hand,  
 But conquering through grace,  
 Shall in his presence stand.

Oh! then I'll praise my God,  
 For pleasure and for pain,  
 And in the midst of cares,  
 Will still my peace retain.

The peace my Savior gives,  
 This world can n'er destroy,  
 'Tis pure unsullied bliss,  
 'Tis never-ending joy.

EMMA.

Lewiston, Nov. 9th, 1857.

### The Fear of Death not taken away by our own Courage, but by the Grace of God.

I AM not in the least surprised to learn that your impression of death becomes more lively, in proportion as age and infirmity bring it nearer. I experience the same thing. There is an age at which death is forced upon our consideration more frequently, by more irresistible reflections, and by a time of retirement in which we have fewer distractions. God makes use of this rough trial to undeceive us in

respect to our courage, to make us feel our weakness, and to keep us in all humility in his own hands.

Nothing is more humiliating than a troubled imagination, in which we search in vain for our former confidence in God. This is the crucible of humiliation, in which the heart is purified by a sense of its weakness and unworthiness. In his sight shall no man living be justified; (*Psalm cxliii. 2.*) yea, the heavens are not clean in his sight, (*Job xv. 15.*) and in many things we offend all. (*James iii. 2.*) We behold our faults and not our virtues; which latter, it would be dangerous to behold, if they are real.

We must go straight on through this deprivation without interruption, just as we were endeavoring to walk in the way of God, before being disturbed. If we should perceive any fault that needs correction, we must be faithful to the light given us, but do it carefully, lest we be led into false scruples. We must, then, remain at peace, not listening to the voice of self-love, mourning over our approaching death, but detach ourselves from life, offering it in sacrifice to God, and confidently abandon ourselves to him. St. Ambrose was asked, when dying, whether he was not afraid of the judgments of God. "We have a good master," said he, and so must we reply to ourselves. We need to die in the most impenetrable uncertainty, not only as to God's judgment upon us, but as to our own characters. We must, as St. Augustin has it, be so reduced as to have nothing to present before God but *our wretchedness and his mercy*. Our wretchedness is the proper object of his mercy, and his mercy is all our merit. In your hours of sadness, read whatever will strengthen your confidence and establish your heart. "*Truly, God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart.*" (*Psalm lxxiii. 1.*) Pray for this cleanness of heart, which is so pleasing in his sight, and which renders him so compassionate to our failings.

The sting of death is sin.



# The Guide to Holiness.

JANUARY, 1858.

EDITORIAL PAPERS.

OUR HOME IS BEYOND THE TIDE.

HEAVEN.

[See Engraving.]

HEAVEN! What a word. It comprises within its syllables, all ideas of bliss, and stands the perpetual synonym of every term of rapture or delight. It is the highest meaning of whole families of delicious words. It is home. It is rest. It is refuge. It is glory—the glory of achievement, of victory, of wealth, of authority, of personal splendor, and ineffable beauty, of strength, of exaltation, of wisdom, of honor, of unimpeachable truth and purity, and of unspotted holiness.

Heaven is salvation—salvation from guilt, from fear, from sorrow, from pain and death; a salvation positive as well as negative—fruition of joy as well as deliverance from penalty; salvation for the *body* as well as the soul. It is a house, a mansion—rather “many mansions,” a country, a city, a kingdom. It is the general assembly, the family of God, the church of the first-born. It is the casket in which Jehovah treasures his jewels, the divine pasture-ground, where the Almighty feeds his flock, and leads them to fountains of living water, and it is the marriage supper of the Lamb. It is the joy of the returned mariner, the shout of harvest home, the triumph march of the Redeemer, the coronation of the Son of God. It is another Canaan with another Joshua, another Eden with the second Adam, the real holy of holies, with its high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedek. Heaven is conscious personal purity during each moment of eternity, it is blissful association with the moral heroes of every age,—with patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and martyrs, and it is the smile of God forever. It is youth perpetuated without indiscretion, and it is age living on to everlasting years without infirmity. It is the homestead of the holy, the family mansion of the Universal Father, the father-land of Gabriel and Michael. It is the goal of the racer, the rest of the pilgrim, and the exceeding great reward of the faithful; the country where none die, or are sick, or sorrowful, or unfortu-

nate, or friendless—a better country. A land in whose soil grows indigenous the tree of life; a scion of which flourished in Eden till the fall; where there is day without night, and light without the sun, and ceaseless action without fatigue. Heaven is the congregation of the glorified; the one hundred and forty-four thousand of the tribes of Israel united with the great multitude which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, standing before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands, and crying with a loud voice, saying, “Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb;” while all the angels which stand round about the throne, and about the elders, and the four beasts, fall before the throne on their faces, and worship God, saying, “Amen, blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God, forever, and ever. Amen.”

Heaven is the great supper, spread by the Almighty for his family; it is the everlasting union and repose of the saints; it is the Sabbath of eternity; and its seat is the metropolis of creation, the council-chamber of the celestial senate, the court and throne of Jehovah.

All terms used in the Scriptures to set forth “the glory that shall be revealed in us,” are so used as to convey a weight of meaning beyond their usual signification; but still, “eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things that God hath reserved for them that fear him;” for he is able to do in this world, exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, and to bestow upon us in the next “a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.”

Revelation does not apparently intend to gratify a mere speculative curiosity in regard to the peculiar modes of existence, and the minute details of either pursuit or enjoyment among celestial beings; nor does the Lord commonly permit persons, while yet in the body, to obtain a view in any way, of the glory of heaven. For special reasons, however, and in a few cases, it seems mortals have been so favored. Paul, the apostle, is an instance of this. He was taken up to the third heaven—that is to the abode of glorified beings, where he heard and saw what he felt it would be unsuitable, as having a sacrilegious appearance to repeat among men. Perhaps no other persons have been similarly favored with Paul,



while in a state of perfect health, but it does happen, apparently, with some frequency, that glimpses of the future glory are allowed the soul as a cordial in the death struggle. Several instances of this have fallen under our own observation. The case of the late Rev. William Tennant, of New Jersey, was of a very striking character, and, doubtless, has been read by most of our readers.

The late Rev. J. B. Finley, of Ohio, who has just entered into his rest, gives us the following narrative in his auto-biography:—"It was in the summer of 1842. Worn down with fatigue, I was completing my last round of quarterly meetings, and winding up the labors of a very toilsome year. I had scarcely finished my work, when I was most violently attacked with bilious fever, and it was with great difficulty I reached home. The disease had taken so violent a hold on my system, that I sank rapidly under its power. Every thing that kind attention and medical skill could impart, was resorted to, to arrest its ravages; but all was in vain, and my life was despaired of. On the seventh night, in a state of entire sensibility to all around me, when the last ray of hope had departed, and my weeping family and friends were standing around me, waiting to see me breathe my last, it seemed to me that a heavenly visitant entered my room. It came to my side, and, in the softest, and most silvery tones, which fell like rich music on my ear, it said,—'I have come to conduct you to another state and place of existence.' In an instant, I seemed to rise, and, gently borne by my angel guide, I floated out upon the ambient air. Soon earth was lost in the distance, and around us, on every side, were worlds of light and glory. On, on, away, away, from world to luminous worlds afar, we sped with the velocity of thought. At length we reached the gates of paradise; and O, the transporting scenes that fell upon my vision as the emerald portals, wide and high, rolled back upon their golden hinges! Then in its fullest extent did I realize the invocation of the poet,—

Burst ye emerald gates, and bring  
To my raptured vision  
All the ecstatic joys that spring  
Round the bright Elysian.

"Language, however, is inadequate to describe what then, with unveiled eyes I saw. The vision is indelibly pictured on my heart. Before me, spread out in beauty, was a broad

sheet of water, clear as crystal, without a single ripple on its surface, and in purity and clearness indescribable. On each side of this broad river, rose up the most tall and beautiful trees, covered with all manner of fruits and flowers, the brilliant hues of which were reflected in the bosom of the placid river.

"While I stood gazing with joy and rapture at the scene, a convoy of angels was seen floating in the pure ether of that world. They all had long wings, and, though they went with the greatest rapidity, their wings were folded close by their side. While I gazed, I asked my guide who they were, and what was their mission. To this he responded, 'They are angels, despatched to the world from whence you came, on an errand of mercy.' I could hear strains of the most entrancing melody all around me, but no one was discoverable except my guide. At length, I said:—'will it be possible for me to have a sight of some of the just made perfect in glory?' Just then there came before us three persons; one had the appearance of a male, the other a female, and the third an infant. The appearance of the first two, was somewhat similar to the angels I saw, except that they had crowns upon their heads, of the purest yellow, and harps in their hands. Their robes, which were full and flowing, were of the purest white. Their countenances were lighted up with a heavenly radiance, and they smiled upon me with ineffable sweetness.

"There was nothing with which the blessed babe or child could be compared. It seemed to be about three feet high. Its wings, which were long and most beautiful, were tinged with all the colors of the rainbow. Its dress seemed to be of the whitest silk, covered with the softest white down. The driven snow could not exceed it for whiteness or purity. Its face was all radiant with glory; its very smile now plays around my heart. I gazed and gazed with wonder upon this heavenly child. At length I said,—'If I have to return to earth from whence I came, I should love to take this child with me, and show it to the bereaved mothers of earth. Methinks when they see it, they will never shed another tear over their children when they die.' So anxious was I to carry out the desire of my heart, that I made a grasp at the bright and beautiful one, desiring to clasp it in my arms; but it eluded my grasp and plunged into the river of life. Soon it rose up from the waters, and as the drops fell from its expanding wings, they seemed like diamonds, so



brightly did they sparkle. Directing its course to the other shore, it flew up to one of the topmost branches of one of life's fair trees. With a look of most seraphic sweetness it gazed upon me, and then commenced singing in heaven's own strains, "To him that hath loved me, and washed me from my sins in his own blood, to him be glory, both now and forever. Amen." At that moment the power of the eternal God came upon me, and I began to shout and clap my hands. I sprang from my bed, being healed as instantly as the lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple, who went walking, and leaping, and praising God. Overwhelmed with the glory I saw and felt, I could not cease praising God. The next Sabbath I went to camp-meeting, filled with the love and power of God."

Such, dear readers, is the account which the venerable servant of God has left us of a glimpse of the future glory with which he was once favored. He is now gone.

We a little longer wait,

But how little, none can know.

Let us, if we may, occasionally leave the world behind, and go up to Pisgah, and stand with Moses, and view the landscape o'er. We are strangers and pilgrims. This is not our rest. We have here no continuing city. Our home is beyond the tide.

#### EDITORIAL GLEANINGS.

CHRISTIANS IN MADAGASCAR.—Rev. Mr. Ellis, recently returned from this interesting field, in an address before the London Missionary Society, said:

"More than twenty years have elapsed, since the last missionary left the shores of Madagascar; but, though the missionaries were sent away, the Lord Jesus Christ was there; the Spirit of God was there; the Bible was there. And they read the Bible, and the Spirit applied what they read, with power to their hearts; and, notwithstanding the efforts of the enemies of the Cross, and the enemies of the Savior, and those whose purposes were not only, as they expressed it, to cut down the tall trees, but to grub up, in their own expressive language, all the small fibres, that there might not be a relic of Christianity that should spread in the country, Christianity has continued to extend, and to extend in a greater degree than in any missionary field in which the laborers have been permitted to continue their toil. It may be

sufficient to say, that the number of Christians may be estimated by thousands; and that, not only are their numbers so great, but their quality, their standard of Christian excellence, will suffer nothing by the most minute and rigid comparison with the standard among the most pure of Christian churches in this my native land. I make this statement advisedly, and without the least fear of contradiction. I make it as the result of observation, and of repeated inquiry. They honor the Lord God; they obey the commands of Jesus Christ; they walk in the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless; and the influence of their spirit, their character, and their conduct amongst the heathen around, is far more powerful than the precepts of the gospel which they believe. It is producing an impression upon the people far greater than it is possible for us to imagine." —[Presbyterian.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CHARITIES.—At a meeting of the British Evangelical Alliance, November 18th, Rev. J. H. Wilson, of Aberdeen, gave an account of his application to the Queen for the benefit of his ragged kirk and schools. She sent him a check for twenty pounds. Two years and a half afterwards he was commanded by her majesty to report upon the progress he had made, upon receiving which, her majesty sent him twenty-five pounds more.

In 1850 he formed these poor people into a Christian church, which now numbered nearly one hundred members. They built a little kirk of wood, and, on reporting progress to the Queen, her majesty sent him fifty pounds towards the expenses. When the Queen went last to Scotland, three hundred of these poor people turned out to greet her, and they were honored by the gracious smile of their sovereign.

Mr. Wilson, furthermore stated that there was not a family in Balmoral which had not been visited by the royal family, and supplied with the sacred Scriptures where they did not possess them, and he spoke in feeling terms of the very affectionate interest which the Princess Royal took in the poor people of that locality. He referred, also, to the number of evangelical ministers the Queen had commanded to preach before her in the little church of Crathie, a very humble edifice, which hundreds of London Christians would hardly like to enter. With respect to his ragged kirk, they had an average attendance of from three hun-



dred to five hundred every Sunday. They had a penny bank in which these very poor people had deposited £1,800 in three years.—[Presbyterian.]

**THE CONVERTED JEWS.**—It was stated, at a meeting at Norwich, England, of the Society for the Promotion of Christianity among the Jews, that there are, at present, ten thousand converted Jews in Europe, all classes of society being comprised in the list. The Society has one hundred agents, of whom fifty-six are converts, and twenty-five ordained clergymen; and sixty clergymen of the Church of England, are converts from Judaism.—[American Baptist.]

A typhoid pestilence is raging at Lisbon, Portugal. The King and the physicians remain in the city, doing all they can to alleviate the distress. The Cardinal Patriarch, the head of the Church in Portugal, has run away to Santarem, and cannot be persuaded to come back.—[Religious Telescope.]

**IDOLS ABOLISHED.**—A letter from Mr. Holmes, Episcopal Missionary at Cape Palmas, says the New York Independent, in speaking of the rapid decrease of idolatry at that point, says: "I shall probably send you a box of *greegrees*, as the people are giving them up by the barrow-load! 'The idols, he shall utterly abolish.'" —[Religious Telescope.]

In Sweden, Norway, and Finland, 240,500 copies of the New Testament (a copy for every family) have recently been distributed, and 40,000 for the solitary and homeless.

**MINISTER'S SONS.**—There are thirteen clergymen in the Dutch Church, each of whom has a son in the ministry; all in the same church, with three exceptions. One has two sons in the ministry, and two in the course of preparation. Several of our ministers are the sons of deceased ministers, and some the grandsons of such, and two the great-grandsons.

A woman in Corydon, Indiana, was lately struck by lightning and instantly killed, and at the same moment, as the lightning flashed, her sister, who was lying on a sick bed, expired.

The Editor of the Wesleyan says:—"We go for revivals and victory. Revival sermons, revival prayers, and revival lives must be our motto. Amen."

## EDITORS' DRAWER.

### WHY AM I THUS?

AMONG the communications recently received at our office, is one from "U. S. H.," who says:—"Dear Brothers, I am lost, (bewildered.) I once enjoyed the blessing of holiness. Sometimes I think I must still be in that state; at other times, I say to myself, I know I am not. How, or where I lost it, I cannot tell. I have prayed for feeling, such as I enjoyed when I received the blessing, but have not yet received it. Will you ask, through the Guide, the most pointed questions to ascertain my spiritual state?—whether it is anything more than justification or not. I am one that wants to *know* where I am."

Believing that other readers of the Guide may experience difficulties and embarrassments similar to those of which our brother complains, we would venture, though with much diffidence, a few suggestions. It is not uncommon for persons to lose the blessing of full salvation in such a way as not to know when, or how, or where. In such cases, our own impression is, that the process usually begins with the fact that the attention of the mind is diverted from Christ, so that the thought does not invariably and instinctively return to him from every necessary diversion, in its business pursuits. In other words, there is a loss of recollection—inward recollection.

When this is gone, there is less power in prayer than there was, and there is less relish for it as an exercise and a habit. A soul fully sanctified, so long as there be proper care over the attention, will long for its closet, and its unmolested interviews with God, as a healthy man will long for his meals. While the heart can be kept in this state, there is no danger that defilement will creep in. But when, through excess of business, or otherwise, we suffer ourselves to be thrown into a hurry of spirit, the soul presently loses its balance in God, and, as a result, the marks of a present, full salvation, begin to decline in character, and many equivocal symptoms develop themselves. To defraud the soul of its regular seasons of private devotion, or of its occasional seasons of special and protracted prayer,—waiting, pleading, wrestling prayer, will bring it into the same dubious state. To suffer one's self to pass along without self-examination—especially without scrutiny of *motive* for a lit-



the time, will certainly result in this perplexity in regard to the real condition of the heart. The indulgence in any temper, or the performance of any act, concerning which we doubt of its moral complexion—of its right or wrong—is another reason why some persons find their light dimmed or extinguished. Again, the foot may have slipped, and, in an evil hour, yielding to a sudden assault, there have been felt a sinful temper, or an expression has been used by which we did not shun the very appearance of evil, to say the least.

Just in such a case, there is great danger that the soul will be so filled with dismay, at the thought of its failure, that it will quit its hold of Jesus, and, instead of clinging and, weeping around the cross, it will grow moody, and indulge in the mere sorrow of the world; which worketh death. But now, suppose this danger passed, and the heart still penitently and resolutely cleave to the Savior, there may be a duty of confession before us of a very humiliating character. Upon this subject, Mr. Wesley says, to professors of holiness,—“Be always ready to own any fault you have been in. If you have, at any time, thought, spoken, or acted wrong, be not backward to acknowledge it. Neither dream that this will hurt the cause of God; no, it will farther it. Be, therefore, open and frank when you are taxed with any thing; let it appear just as it is; and you will thereby not hinder, but adorn the gospel.”

Mr. Fletcher says,—“Christian perfection shines as much in the childlike simplicity with which the perfect readily acknowledge their faults, as it does in the manly steadiness with which they “resist unto blood, striving against sin.” If this duty of confession be done with reluctance, and with little heart, there will infallibly be left a cloud upon the horizon of the soul. It is well if the whole heaven be not darkened. Slowness to duty will affect the soul in the same way, and so will self-indulgence; that is, the seeking of pleasure in the gratification of the animal appetites. Sometimes the light becomes dim by refusing to let it shine; either neglecting to make a specific profession of it, or to labor for the promotion of the experience of perfect love in others. Those who labor in the vineyard of the Lord, especially ministers, are liable to get into darkness by not being exact, and *particular*, and *punctual*, as they should be, in giving God the glory for any success that may attend their

labors. It is a light thing to say, when asking God to bestow great blessings upon our labors, “And thou shalt have the glory;” but it is to be feared that the vow contained in that short clause is often broken in the most thoughtless manner. We frequently hear men speak of a recent revival within their field of labor in such terms, and with such an air, as to induce the fear that they may have forgotten the vow,—“And thou shalt have the glory.” Self-complacency over our good works will bring darkness upon the spirit. There is no safety but in dropping our implements of labor when the task is done, and turning all the soul’s attention back to God, struggling into his arms, nestling in his heart, and living in his smile.

But we will not pursue the subject further. Should we attempt to catechize our brother, according to his request, we should found our questions mainly upon the above points, and for this we shall scarcely find room at present.

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OUR FUTURE COURSE.—It is now six years since, on entering to us the untried duty of editing a periodical, we penned an article with the above caption. The course which we marked out for ourself at that time, though an attempt at improvement on the past, had its serious defects. These, as fast as discovered, were remedied, and, after passing through a succession of changes, we have adopted a general plan in the arrangement of our periodical, which we believe meets with general favor. Our aim is to have the Guide as varied as it can be consistently with the great end we have in view, viz: THE SPREAD OF HOLINESS OVER THE WORLD. This point is never lost sight of, even in the Editorial Gleanings, which, perhaps, may seem to be the only exception to our general rule. A subscriber referring to this miscellany, is pleased to call its items, “loop-holes through which light is reflected to the mind, on the great principles of holiness.” Whether this compliment to our judgment is merited or not, we leave it with our readers to decide; it is enough for us to say that this was the very object we had in view in establishing that department. We have, then, no general change to propose, but renew the pledge, to make the Guide as much better as we possibly can; an object, however, which can only be secured by the blessing of our Father, on ourselves and contributors.



**THE INFLUENCE OF THE PANIC ON SUBSCRIBERS.**—We see that our religious exchanges generally, are fearing that the "hard times" will seriously affect their subscription list. To view it alone through the medium that other enterprises are viewed, we readily see there are grounds for such fears. There is another aspect, however, which we prefer taking, and where we are willing to let the matter rest. If our work is of God, needful for the advancement of his glory, no worldly panic or influence can seriously cripple or destroy it. When our little messenger has performed its mission, we are willing to stop it, but not till then. In the accomplishment of this work, we know many of our subscribers feel as deep an interest as ourself; and with them and our Master, we are willing to brave the issue.

**PRAYER MEETINGS.**—A noon prayer meeting is now held at the Methodist Church, Fourth street, below Arch, (Philadelphia,) for business men, on a similar plan with the one in the North Dutch church, New York. Such a meeting has been held for many years in the vestry of the Old South Church, in this city, every morning between eight and nine. Their influence for good cannot be estimated.

**A SPIRITUAL APPETITE.**—A subscriber writes: "I received by to-day's mail, the XXXII volume of the Guide, and have hastily glanced over its pages, and expect to be more or less spiritually benefited when I peruse it. Enclosed, please find one dollar in advance, and should I fail to pay, or desire the Guide, it will be when it becomes less useful and less spiritual. My wife and myself delight in it."

We love such testimonies. It is a pleasure to know that the truths we send out, are *soul satisfying*.

**THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.**—There may be a little delay in getting out the February issue, as we shall keep the January number in type till towards the end of the month, that we may know how large an issue the demand may require. We hope our friends will lose no time in sending in their orders.

**A SHORT EXPERIENCE.**—My Dear Brethren: For two years past, I have been a privileged reader of the "Guide," and to-day my soul is overflowing with gratitude to God for the great blessing I have received through its instrumentality.

Having been educated in the Presbyterian

Church, I have always regarded the attainment of holiness in this life an utter impossibility. For fifteen years, I have professed to follow Christ, and all these years I have tremblingly hoped my sins were forgiven, but never could say from the heart, "I know I am a child of God." One day I was hoping in God's mercy, the next, doubting, feeling that I should one day perish by the hand of the enemy. O, what hard servitude! But, blessed be God, the Rock of my salvation, whereas I was once blind, now I see. Through the instrumentality of the "Guide," I have learned that Jesus is a present Savior from all sin. Now I feel the sweet assurance that I am wholly accepted of God; that all my unrighteousness is covered with the atoning blood of Christ. I cannot doubt it.

My hope is full, (O, glorious hope,)  
Of immortality.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

**THE TRUE WOMAN, or Life and Happiness at Home and Abroad.** By Jesse T. Peck, author of Central Idea of Christianity. New York, Carlton and Porter.

The Christian parent, who would develop a model character in the daughter, or the young woman solicitous of attaining the highest standard, and of escaping the dangers to which the unwary are exposed, will find this book an invaluable aid. It contains suggestions from a mind who has given to the subject thorough study and a heart gushing with the tenderest sympathies. The style is sprightly, vigorous, and full of illustration. The book is gotten up with taste, printed in large, bold type, and on clear paper, and embellished with a beautiful steel engraving of Mrs. Susannah Wesley. To any one sending us four subscribers, we will send the book as premium, free of postage.

**MARRIAGE AS IT IS, AND AS IT SHOULD BE.** By Rev. John Bayley, of the Virginia Annual Conference. Author of Confessions of a Converted Infidel. New York, M. W. Dodd.

A very readable book, on an interesting and important subject. Marriage, its nature and importance, when a source of misery, and when of happiness. Second marriages; the faithful husband and the faithful wife, and the duty of Christian parents are here drawn out with a master's skill. Considering the vast amount of unhappiness growing out of injudicious marriages, there is no subject, in our judgment, deserving of more patient thought and consideration.



"A great Cloud of Witnesses."

BY REV. W. MAC DONALD.

NOT only does the Bible present *Holiness* as a *dogma*, but as a matter of personal experience. This fact demands special attention; and, so far as the testimony of those of whose purity the Bible makes mention, is concerned, it has received attention from those who have written in favor of *Christian holiness*. We shall not attempt to repeat what has been so well said by others. We wish simply to consider the testimony of those who have lived in more modern times.

There are thousands, living and dead, who have testified that "the blood of Jesus Christ saved them from all sin," and that they were "filled with the Holy Ghost." These witnesses differ widely with reference to their theology in other matters; but they agree in this. They differ widely with reference to position, mental culture, profession, and length of time they have enjoyed it. Some are men of vast mental resources; others, of more humble abilities. They are found in the chair of the learned professor, and on the *cobbler's bench*; among doctors of divinity, and humble servant girls; among lawyers at the bar, and those who follow the plough. Some have professed to enjoy this blessing for a few days, others, for more than fifty years. They are persons, in whose lives we have seen nothing to condemn,—in whose conversation we have heard nothing which did not minister grace, and savor of sanctity and God. We have followed them till a cloud has received them out of our sight, or the river of death has hid them from our view, and death did not convince them of their mistake; but they died exclaiming, "*Preserve me, O Lord, for I am holy.*"

If we were left to the teachings of the Bible alone, on this subject, there might be some grounds for doubt, arising from the various import of words, its apparent conflict with other scriptures, and cherished

dogmas; and the want of a practical illustration of the doctrine. But when we find the great and blessed doctrine taught in the Bible, as a "*Central Idea*," and illustrated in the lives of good men in every age of the church, the Bible teachings assume additional interest, and the doctrine is forced home upon us as a great practical truth, within the reach of all.

Mr. Fletcher, than whom no man ever presented a purer life since Saint John, in making confession of what grace had accomplished in him, says, "I tell you all, to the praise of God's love, I am free from sin." Mr. Bramwell describes the wonderful change which the Spirit of God wrought in his heart, and says, "I have now walked in this liberty twenty-six years." Mr. Carvosso, in describing this work, says, "I was emptied of sin and self, and *filled with God*." He says again, "I have been looking around to find my sins, but I cannot find them; they are all gone." Bishop Asbury, in speaking of this change, says, "The night before, the Lord re-sanctified my soul." Bishop Whatcoat tells us, that, on the 28th of March, 1761, he was "suddenly stripped of all but love." He claims that God, at that time, fully sanctified his soul. We might add to these testimonies, indefinitely, but that would be useless.

There is a book published,—"*The Riches of Grace*,"—containing the testimony of sixty-two witnesses, to the fact that the "blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth from all sin." Their testimony is deeply interesting. One says, "He felt it, not only outwardly but inwardly. It seemed to press upon his whole being, and to diffuse all through and through it, a holy, sin-consuming energy. For a few minutes, the deep of God's love swallowed him up—all its waves and billows rolled over him." Another says, "I was never able, before that time, to say with sincerity and confidence, that I loved my Heavenly Father with all my soul and with all my strength." Another says, "My soul was



full—it overflowed. "Twas no ecstatic flight, no height of rapture; but O! the depth! the fathomless depth! The ocean of love." Another says, "I seemed to be in a new state of existence; the change being as great as at the time of my conversion." Another says, "My heart melted and flowed out like water." Another says, "Every power of my soul and body was soothed to sweetest peace, and wrapt in holiest joy." Another says, "Wave after wave rolled over me, until I could only cry out, Glory! glory! *It seemed like light, and its essence love.*" Another says, "I now looked around for my sins—they had long been my companions—but they were nowhere to be found. Jesus had borne them all away." Another says, "Eleven years have passed since, and my peace has been like a river." Another says, "My whole heart was won by Christ, and filled with overflowing love to him. I had no will but his, and no desire of life, or death, or eternity, but to be disposed of in that way which would secure the highest possible praise to my Redeemer." Another says, "I felt the sanctifying leaven spread through my soul. I then entered into the rest of faith." Another says, "God, through the adorable Savior, enabled me then to love him with all my powers." Another says, "For a week, the mortal powers could scarcely sustain the weight of love." Another says, "Sin I was not conscious of; I felt I was cleansed. I know it, and must proclaim it. I feel it, and must declare it. I have tried it, and must tell of it. My heart is full." Another says, "I now believed, for the first time, that my soul had entered the Canaan of *perfect* love." Another says, "*That* was indeed a new life in which hallelujahs rose spontaneously from a heart so long unused to notes of joy." Another exclaims, "*Here were wonders!* This was like a God! But why attempt to describe it with words? The brightness of his glory has oft-times been so great as almost to extinguish the lamp of this mortal life." Another says, "It

came gently, yet powerful and over-powering; it was like a mighty rushing wind in my soul, extending itself through all my bodily frame."

Here are a few of the testimonies, with which this book abounds; they are from Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians and others. Here is a Methodist bishop, and a learned Congregational professor; a Methodist preacher, and a president of a Congregational College, all uniting in exalting Jesus as a Prince and a perfect Savior, because he had saved them from all unrighteousness. What shall we do with their testimony? Can we ignore it? Can we pass it by without attention? We must, like Hume, discredit all testimony, because it has sometimes proved unreliable, or, like Christians, believe that these witnesses have truthfully declared, simply what God has done for their souls. To say that these witnesses were mistaken, is to discredit all testimony, with reference to experimental religion; for no testimony was ever given with reference to *regeneration*, more clear and satisfactory, than is here given with reference to *entire sanctification*.

But, if these witnesses were mistaken, how do we know it? How do we know that they did not enjoy the *fulness of love*? Were they not as intelligent as we are? In this respect they will compare favorably with those who discredit their testimony. Were they not as well qualified to judge of their own mental and moral state as we are? We ask, then, how do we know that they were not saved from all sin? Have we tested the power of grace to its fullest extent? Have we been saved to the extent to which the blood of Christ is capable of saving us in this life? If not, how do we know but *that* to which we have not attained, is the *fulness* which these witnesses claim to have received?

The manner in which this testimony has been disposed of by some learned, but mistaken men, may be seen in the following extracts from Rev. Dr. Parsons Cook's



Centuries, Vol. II., p. 155. He says, "It is common to find those who profess to be perfect, to be men of nearly no religion at all, making good that word—If I should say I was perfect, that would prove me perverse. We can have no surer certificate of the rottenness of one's character. If otherwise he seems to be a Christian, that pretence shows that he is far from it."

This shaft was aimed at the Methodists alone; but Dr. Cook, in so doing, has stricken down some of the most lovely and God-honored men and women in the Congregational church. Like Samson, he seems willing to sacrifice his own life, if by so doing, he can destroy those hated Philistines. All the evidence necessary to convince him that a man has no religion at all, is, that he professes to keep the *first commandment*, without which, Saint John declares every man a liar, who professes to love God. The doctor wants no *surer certificate of the rottenness of one's character*, than a profession that the "blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, has cleansed them from all sin." We might have expected this from an infidel,—from a man who had fallen out with the Bible and its Redeemer,—but for a professed gospel minister, and grave doctor of divinity; a man professing to believe in a Savior who "saves his people from their sins," and "redeems them from all unrighteousness," and "cleanses them from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit," and "preserves them blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ,"—for a man professing to believe in a Bible which teaches all this, to make such a sweeping statement as is found in the foregoing extract, is enough to bring a blush to the cheek of the Christian world.

Not only does Dr. Cook aim his shaft at those who profess to be saved from all sin, in the various churches of the present day, but he thrusts at all whom God has pronounced "*perfect*."

When God says to Abraham, "Walk before me, and be thou *perfect*," he means,

according to the doctor's logic, that Abraham was to present a "sure certificate of *rottenness of character*." It is said of Asa, that, from a given time, "he was *perfect* all his days," that is, he had *no religion at all*. The Psalmist calls upon us to "mark the *perfect* man," etc., "for his end is peace,"—that is, those who present a sure certificate of *rottenness of character*, are remarkable for their peaceful end. "The righteousness of the *perfect* shall direct his way,"—that is, the righteousness of the *rotten-hearted* shall direct his way. Jesus says, "Be ye therefore perfect," i. e., possess no religion at all. Paul was running over with this kind of logic; hear him: "We speak wisdom among those who are *perfect*," i. e., among the *rotten-hearted*. "Be *perfect*," i. e., have *no religion at all*. "As many as be *perfect*," i. e., as many as have the *sure certificate of rottenness of character*, "be thus minded." "The God of peace make you *perfect*," i. e., give you *no religion at all*. "Go on unto *perfection*," i. e., to *rottenness of character*. James is very bold, and says, that the man who "offends not in word, the same is a *perfect* man," i. e., a *rotten-hearted, no-religion man*.

We see, at a glance, how perfectly unscriptural and fallacious is all such reasoning to disprove the doctrine of *full salvation*. Dr. Cook is guilty of "cursing whom God the Father has sealed."

Now, it makes but little difference, practically, whether God calls me *perfect*, or I call myself so, provided it be so in fact. It seems that if Job did not believe himself *perfect in love*, as Dr. Cook would have us believe, he and the Lord differed in judgment; for the Lord did tell Satan that Job was *perfect*. It farther appears, that, whatever Job thought of his own moral state, he believed there were those who were *perfect*; for, in the second verse following the one quoted by Dr. Cook, he says, "He [God] destroyeth the *perfect* and the wicked." Now, if the *perfect*, in Job's estimation, were "*rotten-hearted*," "*per-*



verse," etc., why does he contrast them with the *wicked*? who can be no worse than that? And if a *perfect* man could not be found, it would be very difficult for God to destroy such an one.

The testimony, in favor of a *full salvation* attainable in this life, seems to us clear and conclusive, both from the Bible and uninspired witnesses. The character and number of the witnesses are such as to place their testimony above suspicion. They are living epistles, known and read of all men.

The time was, when the doctrine of the "witness of the Spirit" to our *adoption*, was stoutly denied. It was said, we could not know our sins forgiven, although the Bible seemed to teach an opposite sentiment. But tens of thousands have the witness in themselves, that they have passed from death unto life, which fact has thrown so much light on the Bible teachings with reference to this subject, that very few, among evangelical Christians, have any doubt of the truth of the doctrine. Ought not experience, with reference to *sanctification*, to have equal weight? Is not a denial of the one a virtual denial of the other? There is no stronger evidence from the Bible, or experience, in the one case than in the other.

Let us be persuaded, then, by the example and experience of Enoch and Noah, Abraham and Asa, David and Isaiah, Nathaniel and Timothy, Zacharias and Elizabeth, Paul and John, Wesley and Whitefield, Fletcher and Benson, Bramwell and Carvosso, Mrs. Fletcher and Esther Ann Rogers, Asbury and Whatcoat, George and Merritt, Fisk and Olin, with thousands more, living and dead;—let us be persuaded, by the holy lives and direct testimony of this "*cloud of witnesses*," to offer the following apostolic prayer, with the assurance that "whatsoever we ask the Father" in Christ's name, we shall receive:

"For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of

whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might, by his spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

When this prayer is answered, as it may be, you will be prepared to proceed:

"Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we can ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

### I will not let Thee Go.

I WILL not let thee go; thou help in time of need!

Heap ill on ill,  
I trust thee still.

E'en when it seems as thou wouldst slay indeed!

Do as thou wilt with me,  
I still will cling to thee,

Hide thou thy face, yet help in time of need;

I will not let thee go!

I will not let thee go; should I forsake my bliss,  
No, Lord, thou'rt mine,  
And I am thine.

Thee will I hold when all things else I miss.

Though dark and sad the night,  
Joy cometh with thy light.

O thou, my Sun; should I forsake thy bliss?

I will not let thee go.

I will not let thee go, my God, my life, my Lord!

Nor death can tear  
Me from his care,

Who for my sake his soul in death outpoured,  
Thou diedst in love for me,

I say in love for thee,

E'en when my heart shall break, my God, my life, my Lord!

I will not let thee go.



### Imperfection only is Intolerant of Imperfection.

It has seemed to me that you have need of more enlargedness of heart in relation to the defects of others. I know that you cannot help seeing them when they come before you, nor prevent the opinions you involuntarily form concerning the motives of some of those about you. You cannot even get rid of a certain degree of trouble which these things cause you. It will be enough if you are willing to bear with those defects which are unmistakable, refrain from condemning those which are doubtful, and not suffer yourself to be so afflicted by them as to cause a coolness of feeling between you.

Perfection is easily tolerant of the imperfections of others; it becomes all things to all men. We must not be surprised at the greatest defects in good souls, and must quietly let them alone until God gives the signal of gradual removal; otherwise we shall pull up the wheat with the tares. God leaves, in the most advanced souls, certain weaknesses entirely disproportioned to their eminent state. As workmen, in excavating the soil from a field, leave certain pillars of earth which indicate the original level of the surface, and serve to measure the amount of material removed—God, in the same way, leaves pillars of testimony to the extent of his work in the most pious souls.

Such persons must labor, each one in his degree, for his own correction, and you must labor to bear with their weaknesses. You know from experience the bitterness of the work of correction; strive, then, to find means to make it less bitter to others. You have not an eager zeal to correct, but a sensitiveness that easily shuts up your heart.

I pray you more than ever not to spare my faults. If you should think you see one, which is not really there, there is no harm done; if I find that your counsel wounds me, my sensitiveness demonstrates that you have

discovered a sore spot; but if not, you will have done me an excellent kindness in exercising my humility, and accustoming me to reproof. I ought to be more lowly than others in proportion as I am higher in position, and God demands of me a more absolute death to everything. I need this simplicity, and I trust it will be the means of cementing, rather than of weakening our attachment.—[Spiritual Progress.

### Don't Forget to Pray.

A LADY who had charge of young persons not of kindred blood, became, on one occasion, perplexed with regard to her duty. She retired to her own room to meditate, and being grieved in spirit, laid her head on a table and wept bitterly. She scarcely perceived her little daughter seated quietly in one corner. Unable to bear the sight of her mother's distress, she stole softly to her side, and taking her hand in both of her own, said, "Mamma, once you taught me a pretty hymn:

'If e'er you meet with trials,  
Or troubles on the way,  
Then cast your care on Jesus,  
And don't forget to pray.'"

The counsel of the little monitor was taken, the relief came. The mother was repaid for rightly training her child, by having her become her own blessed teacher. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, God has ordained praise."—[Sayings of little ones.

THE wise Lokman, being on his death-bed, ordered his son to approach, and said, "My son, when thou feelest a disposition to sin, seek for a place where God cannot see thee."

THE odor of flowers is never so sweet and strong as before a storm. Beautiful soul! when the storm draws nigh thee, be a flower.

Quench not the Spirit.



### Gracious Reviewings.

BY MRS. PALMER.

[Concluded.]

A thousand Persons on their Knees at one Prayer Meeting—Extraordinary Effusions of the Holy Spirit—The Station-master converted, and its Results—How a Minister might labor five years, and not accomplish as much good as in five hours—Many hundreds saved—Characteristics of the Work—Conversions clear and powerful—An entire renunciation of the world, and of all questionable habits on the part of the wholly sanctified—Temples filled, and used for God.

#### A WESLEYAN MINISTER'S OPINION.

In speaking of the camp meetings of the last four or five years in Canada, a superintendent of a circuit, in a recent magazine, observes: "The history of these camp meetings has never been written—it *can* never be written. The light of eternity alone can unfold it. I wish it were in the power of my poor pen to describe some of the scenes which have been witnessed in connection with their progress. We have seen a thousand persons on their knees at a prayer meeting. We have seen upwards of a score of souls converted before they even rose from their knees, and perhaps not less than fifty saved at a single prayer meeting. It is to be regretted, that we have not been more careful in preserving the statistics of these meetings. The number actually saved, I am persuaded, is generally much larger than is supposed."

Seven such camp meetings have we attended in Canada, during the past summer and autumn, all of which were signally owned of God in the conversion of sinners, and the sanctification of believers. I am persuaded that at the most of these meetings there was not less than two hundred converted. Three others also we attended in the United States, were also much blessed of the Lord. So that those we have witnessed saved at camp meetings alone, number many hundreds.

### THE TONGUE OF FIRE RECEIVED AND ITS EFFECTS.

And never before have we witnessed such effusions of the Spirit on believers. Hundreds on hundreds have received the tongue of fire, and have returned to the cities and villages round about, filled with faith and the Holy Ghost to spread the Pentecostal flame. Would time permit, I could tell you of instances of this sort, which would fill you with admiration of the grace of God. We paused at one place, a few miles from where a camp meeting had been held. The state of the society had not been prosperous. There were, I think, but sixteen church members, and a good portion of these were far from being available. As we passed through the village, a little before sunset, and looked at the neat and rather commodious church, and the meagre population, we thought, Can that church edifice be filled with this population? Evening came, and the people came pouring in from the surrounding country, so that, to our surprise, the church was filled. The circumstances, in brief, were these. Several from that little village had been at the camp meeting, and had been newly baptized. A young man, who was engaged as station-master at the railroad depot, had been deeply convicted of his need of a Savior. This young man had used all the aids afforded him by virtue of his position as ticket-master, and also in having access to the telegraphic wires, to spread abroad the intelligence of the meeting, and thus the irreligious people of various denominations were gathered in from the surrounding country. The power of God came down upon the people, and a number were saved. The invitation was scarcely given to come to the altar to seek salvation, before it was surrounded. Among the first that was seen rushing to the altar, was the station-master. He had been bowed but a few moments, before he was enabled to rise and testify of the great things God had done for his soul. The work went on with still greater power,



until, from the last advices we received, eighty had been newly brought into the fold.

#### HUNDREDS PLEDGING THEMSELVES TO WORK.

This is but a specimen of what we have heard of the spread of the holy flame from various points where we have attended meetings. At each camp meeting, hundreds have pledged themselves to work daily, in endeavors to win souls to Jesus. And, from various directions, are we hearing that these efforts of the laity, are being greatly owned in bringing sinners to God. At Hamilton, a meeting commenced, as we paused, expecting to remain only one night, which has resulted in the salvation of several hundreds of souls. We remained in Hamilton about eighteen days. From Hamilton, we went to London, and remained twelve days, during which time the Lord poured out his Spirit on the people, and about two hundred names were recorded among the newly blest.

At all these places, much prominence has been given to the doctrine of entire sanctification. In as close connection, does the doctrine of the baptism of the Holy Ghost stand with the conversion of sinners, as did the conviction and conversion of three thousand stand in necessary connection with the reception of the Holy Ghost on the part of the early disciples.

Peter might have labored five years, and not have accomplished as much as he did in five hours after he received the baptism of fire. We should speak at a low computation, should we express it as our belief that we have seen one thousand souls sanctified, and from fifteen hundred to two thousand souls justified during the past summer and autumn.

#### THOROUGHNESS OF THE WORK.

The characteristics of this great work have been most inspiring, and portentous of good. The thoroughness of the work has exceeded, as a whole, anything we have before witnessed. In the unpardoned sin-

ner, conviction of sin has been deep and pungent, and conversions unmistakably clear and powerful. In the reception of entire sanctification, there was a counting of the cost, and an absolute, unconditional, eternal surrender of all to Christ. There was an experimental apprehension of the fact that the body of the believer has been redeemed unto God, as a temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in.

#### JEWELRY, ARTIFICIALS, AND THE NOXIOUS WEED DISCARDED.

And being thus yielded up, believingly, the Spirit took conscious possession,—females putting aside jewelry,\* and artificials, and other badges of worldly conformity. The men casting aside the noxious weed, and other questionable habits, acting on the principle that their bodies, as temples for God, must not be defiled, but nourished and cherished as a habitation for God. The result has been, that these earthly temples thus set apart for God were filled with the Spirit. And then the gift of utterance was given, and burning words have flowed out upon the people, penetrating the hearts of the unbelieving multitude, convincing the most sceptical that apostolic times were again being returned to the church. These, as before stated, have gone to their homes to scatter the holy fire in all the surrounding country, and revivals are breaking out in every region. May the work go on till the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our God and of his Christ.

\* At one meeting, alone, about fifty dollars worth of jewelry was cast into the Lord's treasury, to be appropriated to the missionary cause.

GOD is light, which, though never seen itself, makes everything else visible, while it disguises itself in a garment of colors. Thine eye does not feel the ray, but thy heart is warmth.

FORETHOUGHT.—“It is at once the misery and disgrace of men that they live without forethought.”—[Coleridge.



**Of the Christ-life, or the Interior and Essential life of the soul, considered as a source of physical Health and Beauty.**

BY L. M.

1. It is a very interesting truth, that Christ is the physician of the body, as well as of the mind. Indeed, it is impossible for him to be a physician, a healer of the mind, without at the same time being a physician of the body. By Christ, however, we mean the *essential* Christ. The historical Christ, the Christ of Palestine, if he is only historically received, cannot heal us and beautify us, neither physically nor mentally. Nor can an abstract and ideal Christ, a Christ whom the speculative imagination has formed and placed far away in some corner of the heavens, accomplish these important results. So long as he is the Christ of the conceptive or imaginative faculty, and not the Christ of the heart, so long as he is merely conceived of as a Christ existing apart and not known and realized as consubstantial in and with ourselves, he is powerless. The results, to which we have referred, must be accomplished by the essential Christ; that is to say, by Christ *within*.

2. The essential Christ, or Christ in ourselves, is the same as the true spiritual life in ourselves. It is the same interior spirit, which dwelt in the Christ of Palestine, and which enabled him to suffer and to die; and which now dwells in the Christ of the heavens. The essential Christ, the spirit of Christ in its essence, is and can be nothing more nor less, and can be nothing otherwise, than the spirit of pure and universal love. The soul that is delivered from selfishness, and is perfected in love, possesses the essential Christ-nature. With this explanation, we are prepared to say that Christ, using the term as an expression for the interior Christ-nature is a healer of the body as well as of the mind,—a source of true physical health and beauty.

3. The first illustration of the subject,

drawn from the opposite view, is this. All sin and all deformity have their origin in the opposite of the life of love. Indeed, selfishness, which is the opposite of the essential life, or love-life, is itself sin. It is not only sin, but may be described more specifically as the great root and trunk of all sin. Sin, carried out in its full extent, is the violation of all right law, both physical and mental. The body is the out-growth of the mind; but it cannot grow aright under circumstances which are a violation of law. It is impossible for a man to live in the violation of law by means of depraved appetites and passions, without leaving the mark of such depraved appetites and passions on the physical being. The drunkard, the thief, the gluttonous, the licentious, the false, the cruel, bear the marks of their depravity about them; written legibly in their countenances and forms. Behold the unhappy man who walks through yonder streets—his body shrivelled, his cheek thin and pale, his eye restless and anxious, his countenance without expressions of openness and love,—that man is a miser. His whole soul is absorbed in the one fact of acquisition; and his body is the measurement and the expression of the soul. And thus, by an unalterable law of nature, it is always found to be the case, that a perverted body, a body diseased and unbeautiful, is the out-growth of a perverted mental nature. Such is the law of sin. Existing first in the mind, but tending by the law of its being to outward and formal manifestation, it always clothes itself, sooner or later, in a diseased and deformed body. The law of holiness will be the opposite.

4. The essential Christ, (which is only another form of expression for indwelling, universal, and perfected love,) does not, and cannot live and operate in a low, debased and sensualized body. Christ, considered as an indwelling spirit and life, requires a correspondently purified and elevated organism, in which and through which he can perform his mighty works. "Know ye not," says the apostle, "that ye are the



temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" The external or historical Christ healed diseases and cast out devils, while he lived on earth. This portion of Christ's history is very interesting and instructive. He did it by external methods: or at least in the use of such methods. It is said of Christ, in the Gospel of St. Mark, that he "healed many; insomuch that they pressed upon him for to touch him as many as had plagues." But the results were comparatively limited since they did not extend beyond his personal presence and acts, and the presence and acts of those associated with him, to whom he had committed the same power. But the external or historical Christ is the embodiment, in the external or active form, of great truths and principles, which are to be realized far more generally and fully in connection with the essential and inward Christ. The Christ of the soul, in being a mental regeneration, is also and necessarily a physical regenerator. He acts unseen; but he acts with power. The essential Christ is the universal Christ. He is the Christ in all, and therefore he is not merely the healer of the diseases and plagues of Nazareth and Capernaum, and the cities round about, but the healer of the diseases of all places and of all men.

5. And how does Christ, who is no longer seen and tangible, and cannot reach and touch us with the outward healing hand,—how does he do this? The full answer to this question would require a volume. A few remarks will indicate the direction which such questions and answers would take. And, in the first place, the essential Christ, namely, Christ in the soul as pure and perfect love, is also WISDOM. The inward Christ, by purifying our appetites and delivering them from all inordinate and lustful tendencies, is a wise and effective physiologist. He instinctively understands the wants of our physical nature, and indicates those things which are best fitted to meet such wants. And hence it is, that all purified and holy souls are particular in their

modes of living. They reject every thing which the inward Teacher rejects. In other words, they instinctively and decisively reject every thing which they find tends to disturb the action of the physical system, and to interrupt the harmony between the soul and God. Hence it is that they are temperate; that they do not and cannot use ardent spirits, or anything which intoxicates; that, as a general thing, the tendency among them is to adopt and to favor what is termed the vegetable system of living as most favorable to health, and the higher and better harmonies of the mind. It is in this way that Christ is at the present time a true physician and healer of the body.

6. Again, Christ in the soul, in distinction from the outward Christ, is patient. The inward and essential Christ, which is the same as the inward essential life, is willing to wait. There is no feverish anxiety, no distrust, no jealousy, no envy, no fear. And this state of things, so different from the continual agitations of the unsanctified heart, is greatly conducive to health. All inordinate fear, anxiety, and passion of any kind, acts injuriously upon the physical system. Such are the correlative laws of the mind and body, that there can be no great disturbance of the mind, no want of harmony, without a correspondent disturbance and want of harmony in the body. And, on the contrary, inward health, which is a necessity when Christ exists in the soul, becomes outward health.

7. And Christ is not only a healer, but a *beautifier*, of the body. Even if the body, in consequence of inherited evils, or of the mistakes and errors of early life, has been greatly injured, so that the Christ-spirit within does not immediately restore it physically in all respects; yet it will never fail to invest the outward form with a divine beauty which it could not derive from any other source. As it is well understood, that the disorders of the mind, whatever they may be, write themselves in disordered and evil expressions on the countenance; so the mind's truths and



holy loves write themselves on the countenance also, in lines equally distinct, and with the substitution of beauty for deformity. The radiance of the mind as it exists in the harmonies of truth, purity and divine reverence, makes its way through the lineaments of the body, and playing, as it were, upon the body's surface, becomes the transparency and mirror of the soul's interior beauty.

This beauty, which is specific in its character, and transcends every other form of beauty, belongs only to regenerated and purified minds; and in the precise degree of their purification.

8. But beauty shows itself not only in this direct radiation which is seen in the countenance, but in other respects also, such as the dress, the speech, and the manners. And in these particulars, and in others which might be mentioned, the Christ of the soul is a great and effective teacher;—guiding men without any mistake by means of a series of instinctive judgments which are constantly unfolding. The dress of the holy man or woman remote from the tawdriness and extravagance of worldly fashions, is marked by simplicity and by adjustments of form and color, which are true to a purified intellectual taste. Their conversation also, very diverse from the noisy frivolity or the fierce antagonisms of worldly life, is inspired by the wisdom which cometh from above. Their gentle words, calm as their own purified spirits, harmonize with the occasions which call them forth; inspire confidence, soothe sorrow, and promote love. Add to this, the gift of propriety of manners, that gentleness and fitness of outward demeanor and intercourse, which constitutes true politeness, and it will be seen how true it is, in the language of Paul's epistle to Timothy, that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that *now is*, and of that which is to come."

9. So that we feel justified in taking the position, that the highest style of physical health and beauty will be found to be the

accompaniment of the highest inward experience. Undoubtedly, statements of this kind are to be made with the qualifications, which unavoidably connect themselves with some peculiarities of our position;—such as the tenacity of some forms of inherited disease, and the power involved in early habits. The restoration of a diseased and deformed physical system, and the correction of early improprieties of speech and manners, may not be the work of a moment. It may take time. But still the facts of common occurrence will show, and the reason of the case will equally show, that Christ, in-dwelling in the soul, as a living principle of pure and perfect love, will accomplish these results. Christ is an outward, as well as an inward architect. And it will be found, as the general rule, that he who is perfected inwardly, is perfected outwardly.

### Sinners Awakened and Converted through Preaching the Doctrine of Holiness.

BY Y.

REV. I. W. WALKER, in referring to the fact that Mrs. Walker still took delight in this doctrine, remarks, in his letter, dated Hillsboro', April 10, 1856:—"It is the chief topic of her contemplation, and the preferred subject of her conversation. Not long since, as I was leaving her sick room to go to one of my quarterly meetings, not knowing but that she would be gone to her rest in heaven, before I could return, the last thing she said to me was, 'My dear, preach holiness.' I trust I shall not soon forget those words, coming from the depths of the soul of one so near and dear to me, and, at the time, to all appearance, trembling on the last dizzy verge of human life.

"In the village where that meeting was held, we had but one class, and that form of infidelity called Universalism, with its concomitants, had long held a controlling influence in the place. In my sermon, on Saturday, I alluded to the request of my



wife, and the circumstances under which it was made. The reference produced a thrill in the congregation, and, on Sabbath, I announced, as the subject of my discourse, 'Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.' Many, if not all, were surprised at the text on that occasion, as there was a general expectation that the discourse would be in defence of Christianity, and against that form of infidelity prevalent in that section of the country. The Lord helped me on that occasion, and the whole congregation was deeply affected. But for the request of my dear wife, my subject would have been different and, in all probability, the result would not have been so good upon the congregation.

"Infidelity was attacked at a point, in a way that it least expected. The nature and necessity of inward and outward holiness, was explained and exposed by arguments drawn from nature, from reason, and from divine revelation, as essential to present, future and eternal happiness, and only attainable in the present life, through faith in the atoning blood, and justifying righteousness, and all-prevailing intercession of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Names, sects, and parties seemed to be lost sight of, and the one great consideration, personal holiness, as the only meetness for heaven, appeared to occupy every mind.

"Before the meeting finally closed, some thirty or forty were added to the church. I am fully persuaded that there is no better argument against infidelity in any of its phases, than may be drawn from experimental and practical piety, when presented and enforced according to the true standard of gospel provision and promise. That is, a pure and a holy life—received and maintained by a living faith in a living Savior—living in Christ, and Christ in us, the hope of glory. Then we are filled with the Spirit, have communion with the Father, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all unrighteousness."

—*Brief Recollections of Rev. G. W. Walker.*

### A Witness for Jesus.

BROTHER DEGEN :—The following article, with some slight modifications, has been kindly furnished by the devoted sister whose name is attached, to be forwarded to the Guide. In penning this sketch, she has only begun to carry out her long-felt convictions. The writer is an example of "suffering affliction;" for it seldom falls to the lot of mortals to have so much of the *bitter* mingled in the cup of their experience. But let another voice be raised, in attestation of the triumphs of grace, amid the threatening waves of earthly sorrow!

A. A. PHELPS.

DURING the last year, whenever God has especially blessed me, I have felt it duty to *write*; but a shrinking sensitiveness, in view of my inability to say anything to profit, has hitherto withheld me from making the attempt. I yield *now* to my convictions of duty and the solicitations of a dear Christian brother, by sending this communication. I feel constrained to devote this present writing to personal experience.

I was converted to God in the year 1843, and maintained my justified relation nearly four years; when the cares of life, the love of the world, and temporal prosperity, began to alienate my affections from God. I was not destitute of *all* spiritual comfort, but I had lost my first warm love. While in this unhappy condition, God visited me in mercy and in judgment, by removing from me an only and beloved child. The Holy Spirit was quick to apply this sad visitation with great force to my heart. In this affliction, I was led to the cross, sought and obtained a renewal of my *first love*, and shortly after, under the preaching of the word, was powerfully convicted for the great blessing of *entire holiness*. I now felt the necessity of this as I had never done before, and resolved to rest not short of it. I *needed* it for my *own* sake, to give me permanent peace and stability in the way of salvation, and I needed it to increase my sphere of usefulness. For months I sought to obtain a clean heart. I strove, by much fasting, and prayer, and good works,



to prepare myself for its reception. I stumbled at the simplicity of faith. I desired to do some *great thing* which would almost *merit* salvation. I read, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified;" and yet it seemed too much to believe that God would save *me* to the uttermost, by simple faith in Christ. When almost upon the verge of despair, I ceased all effort to do anything for myself, (except to hold my little all *bound* to the consecrated altar,) *fell* into the arms of Jesus, and obtained by grace through *faith* the blessing of perfect love! For nearly a year I lived in the possession of this grace; when almost imperceptibly, through the subtlety of the tempter, ignorance of the way, and want of proper instruction, I lost the clear witness of my entire salvation. I had, somehow, imbibed the erroneous opinion, that entire holiness of heart would not only deliver me from *sin*, but from *temptation* also, and open up before me an unobstructed path to the end of life. But how different was the result! My conflicts now began in sober earnest;—the darts of hellish rage were hurled against me from every quarter, with greater fury than ever. For this I was unprepared, and was consequently overcome. Amid such conflicts, I feared to profess entire purity;—I cast away my confidence, lost my spiritual power, and, strange to say, in a few short months, scarcely an earnest desire to be a Christian remained! Though outwardly conforming, in part at least, to the forms and ceremonies of the church, I was inwardly a whited sepulchre, destitute of the *life and power* of religion in the soul. In this deplorable state, the beginning of the year 1854 found me, at which time it pleased the Lord to lay again his afflicting hand upon me, and remove, by death, the dearest earthly idol I had ever known. In that dispensation, and the subsequent loss of health and strength, I was brought again to see my true condition as a sinner before God. The light of divine truth flashed upon me, and *I realized fully that something more than being an acceptable member of the church* was necessary in

order to eternal salvation. Here I was, a backslider in the church, having a name to live while dead; how guilty and self-deluded, and yet only the true representative of *thousands* in the visible church, who are destitute of *saving faith*! There they stand, like an incubus, palsying the energies of the living membership—hindrances to the work of the Lord.—stumbling-blocks in the way of sinners. Holy Spirit, reach their hearts, and *wake* them, that they sleep no more!

In precisely this condition was I when God's Spirit found way to my heart. Again I felt the joys of pardoned sin, and again the truth was riveted on my heart and conscience that nothing short of *holiness* could keep me. I fled to Jesus, and accepted salvation on gospel terms. I made an entire and perfect consecration of all my redeemed energies,—of all earthly hopes and prospects for all time, and took the cross of Christ with *all* its reproach, salvation with all its consequences. In the very moment this *perfect* consecration was made, I was enabled to exercise that faith in God which brought the fulness of salvation to my soul. The hallowed bliss of that hour will never be forgotten. In the alienation of friends—in the breaking off from former associations—in pecuniary losses—in trials and difficulties of almost every description, the *presence and love of Jesus* has infinitely more than compensated for any *little* sacrifice I may have made. For three years I have proved the efficacy of the atoning blood to *save*. During this time, wave after wave of deepest sorrow, has rolled over me. Called many times, in the sorest trials, to walk by faith alone, and destitute of all sensible manifestations of God's presence, the truth of the promise has *ever* been verified to me, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and "as thy day, so shall thy strength be." As I recall all the way in which I have been led, my soul filled with love and adoration to God, my Savior, who has done so much for me. My motto evermore shall be, "Holiness to he Lord."



"Redeeming grace has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die."

I expect not a smooth path for my feet, but shall triumph gloriously in the strength of Israel's God. Hallelujah to God, and the Lamb forever, for the grace that can not only save, but *keep saved* amid all the exigencies of this sorrowful life!

E. J. FEAGLES.

### The Consecrated at Conversion.

BY REV. E. OWEN.

THE object of the first gospel ray that flashes upon the soul, is to lead man to purity. The intent of the first blow dealt out by the Spirit upon the Upas of sin, is to cut it down; nor is the object reached, until the stroke is given that really fells the tree of sin. As the first blow of the woodman upon the sturdy oak will be lost, unless the last one is given,—the stroke that levels it with the ground, so the object of conviction, and even of the conversion of a sinner, is not fully reached, until sin is all destroyed. Not enough, even, that the work of sanctification be begun, (as it always is in the converted soul,) it must be completed. Thus, conviction for sin, if improved, leads to consecration of all to God. This prepares the way for the exercise of faith in Christ for pardon. The pardoned one, who keeps his covenant made with God at conversion, must "go on unto perfection." Every genuine convert is conscious of having consecrated *his all* to God. He may have tried to persuade God to vary the terms, but it was not done. God framed the covenant, which embraced the yielding of his entire being to God, and, without the least change, the seeker signed it. It only remains for such an one to keep his solemn vow, to secure complete salvation; for God, who has begun the work, will soon lead the yielding soul to perfect freedom. This covenant imposes obligations upon both parties. God, as well as man, stands pledged here. "If we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have

fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." God's part of the covenant will be kept, and, unless we violate our covenant engagement by refusing to "walk in the light," as God gives it, sin must soon be banished from the soul.

But is there not often a great struggle to consecrate much, after conversion, preparatory to stepping into higher life? If all was yielded at first, why consecrate again? Can one yield more than all? To this, I reply: The struggle here experienced, by those who have not backslidden, is more to *keep* all upon the altar, than to *put it there*. That man who stands pledged in the most solemn manner to defend his country's rights to the utmost of his ability, may find a struggle to keep that pledge, when called to face the enemy, and endure the horrors of war. It is not new conditions imposed by the general, which causes the struggle, but the fact that the soldier is now undergoing a test of his fidelity. So the Christian soldier may find that the covenant embraced more than was *fully* realized at conversion, and the continued yielding to what was not at first fully discovered, may properly enough be called consecrating; and here is an important sense in which all these things were yielded at conversion. There was not the least reserve. All was pledged to the Captain of our salvation, when that name was enrolled upon the divine record. And yet, as he marches against the "powers of darkness," it may require a struggle to keep that vow. But if he stand the test, if he keep the covenant inviolate, he shall have a rapid march from his exodus from Egypt, to the Canaan of perfect love. Every step will be towards purity. His rapid march may involve new responsibility, but it will also involve more,—even the power of a covenant-keeping God, and the full efficacy of the blood of Jesus Christ in his behalf. O! if our young converts were all properly trained to this glorious march, how soon should we have an army of "invincibles" in the field!



## The Christian in Divine Communion.

LET ME STAY.

Let me stay ! my soul is feasting  
On Immanuel's saving grace—  
Let me stay—I now behold him,  
*In my spirit, face to face.*

Let me stay ! his charms pervade me  
With a bliss beyond control,  
O ! his rapturous love, all vital,  
Streams into my panting soul.

Let me stay ! the union's perfect,  
I in Christ, and Christ in me,  
Henceforth, I will draw my being,  
Every instant, Lord, from thee.

Let me stay ! The scenes of glory  
Move around me clear and bright;  
Here the spirits, pure and perfect,  
Bask and sing in living light.

Let me stay ! Their songs seraphic  
Swell the atmosphere divine,  
And I echo high their chorus,  
"Life, eternal life, is mine !"

Let me stay ! O, *this* is heaven !  
Glorious mansion of the blessed !  
Now my *worn* and *weary* spirit,  
Finds in Christ its *perfect rest*.

[Published in the N. W. Christian Advocate,  
in 1854.]

## A few Thoughts from my Journal.

BY URIAH BROWN.

SABBATH, Jan. 10th, 1858.

'I HAVE to praise God for another holy Sabbath, and for the privilege of worshipping him in his holy temple. I have this day enjoyed more of the Spirit's influence, than of late—have had more fervent desires for a fresh baptism of the Holy Ghost, and in prayer have had such a sense of the goodness of God, in providing for me a full salvation in Jesus Christ, that I could only exclaim, Glory ! glory ! glory !

My soul has been greatly refreshed, and my faith quickened and strengthened, by reading a number of choice articles in the present January Guide, on the fulness of

the blessed gospel of the Son of God. O, how I do love the doctrine of holiness ! it is so fully established and enforced in the Bible, both by precept and experience, and is so congenial with the warmest emotions of the pure in heart. The doctrine of a full and present salvation, is just what we might expect of an infinitely wise and benevolent God ; He would not, like the unwise man, begin and not be able to finish. Any other view of the subject would be derogatory, both to the wisdom and goodness of God. We may, therefore, safely affirm, that the plan of salvation which Infinite Wisdom has devised, is perfect ; and adapted to secure a perfect salvation ; and I have a thousand times had to exclaim, "Why is it, that so few of the professed followers of the Savior, see and understand it ?" and I can find no other answer to this important question, but that the veil of unbelief hides it from their vision. Only let this dark veil be removed, and the bright visions of faith would so illumine their minds, and ravish their hearts, that the doctrine of entire sanctification in this life would not only be seen and believed, but would be to them a blessed realization. O, how those who have drank into the fulness of God's love, and know the joys and peace of a present salvation, should pray, and talk, and write, and live, to bring others into the enjoyment of this priceless blessing ! Although I, like the dear missionary brother of the Marquesas Islands, was brought in to this glorious doctrine, aside from any human teachings on the subject, with nothing but the truth of God brought to my mind by the Spirit in a lone and thoughtful hour ; yet I feel that this unusual manner does not exonerate me from laboring to help bring others into it. The doctrine of holiness was received by me in such a way, and by such an Agent, that its truth to me amounts to demonstration. That truth is corroborated by its blessed and happifying effects on my life, not for a transient hour, or day, or year, but for more than fourteen years ; and, were I to



number the years of Methuselah, I should only but just begin to taste its enduring blessedness. Ho, then, my dying friends, ye who are thirsting after these living waters, come ye, come buy wine and milk, without money, and without price; and do not spend your money for that which is not bread, for that which satisfieth not! The way is easy, is plain; only believe God, and consecrate all your powers to him, and you will find the waters of full salvation inundating your soul, and your whole being immersed in the ocean of God's love, not to rise from it, but to plunge deeper and deeper into that unfathomable abyss.

It is, indeed, cheering to the lovers of holiness, to have its doctrine so ably advocated, and elucidated in the "Guide." Feeling this doctrine, as we all do, to be God's eternal truth, what can afford us purer or higher joy, than to have it defended from the attacks of prejudice and ignorance, and to have it boldly and meekly confessed in the face of a gainsaying world, and to see it making conquests, far and wide, and laying its trophies at our Emanuel's feet?

Augusta, N. Y.

### Trust in God.

IN a true Christian's devout aspirations, it is not from instruction or habit, but from spontaneous impulse, that he exclaims "Our Father." His thoughts go out after God. His heart yearns for him. His soul longs, with unutterable longings, for his abiding presence. He comes with a truly filial spirit before God, and it is perfectly easy and natural for him to say, "Our Father." And he has a *right* to say it. He is the *child* of God, and he knows it; for "the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits, that we are the *children of God*." Being the child of his Father, and away from his Father's house, he yearns for it, and at times is *homesick*—as children that are kept at school, away from their parents, long for the day of vacation, that they may

go home; and these yearnings are the testimony of the Spirit that we *are* the children of God. The man who has these feelings, and has them habitually, need not hesitate to call himself a child of God, or to address God as "Our Father."

There are some Christians who always seem to have entire and unwavering faith in God as their Father. They trust in him to such a degree as to believe that whatever may be the happenings of Providence, everything will be for the best, and that they will be taken care of, and never left alone. They are confident in him, and seem never for a moment to doubt. Their cup always runs over, because they always *think* it runs over. But, on the other hand, there are others who, while they are blessed abundantly, never see or think that they are. And this class comprises the multitude of men. They call God "Our Father," only because the Lord's Prayer begins so, and not because their own prayer naturally and spontaneously confesses that they are his children and he is their Father. They have doubts and glooms. They have fightings without, and fears within. They allow small things to perplex them, and great things to overwhelm them. They distrust God—not intentionally, but really. They doubt his providence—though they would hardly believe that they doubt. They habitually look on the dark side of things, and excuse themselves for it by saying that they are constitutionally melancholy; whereas the fault is, nothing more nor less than a practical want of faith. It is an unconscious scepticism of God. They theoretically extol their faith, but practically deny it. They give way before every trouble, instead of conquering it, and in every dark hour flee for refuge, not to God, but to themselves.

Now all Christians, whether hopeful or despondent, are sometimes like the disciples on the Sea of Galilee—driven hither and thither by contrary winds. They toil all the night upon the deep, casting their nets, but taking nothing. Nay, oftentimes



their sea is without a Christ walking upon the water, and their ship without a Christ, even asleep. Yet, when they desire his coming upon the sea, and cry out to him, they soon see him walking to them over the waves. When they desire his awakening in the ship, they soon see him rising to rebuke the wind, saying, "Peace, be still," until there is a great calm. God hides his face only to disclose it again; and his hidings are oftentimes as full of mercy, as his manifested presence. But whether to their feeble-sighted eyes, he is present or absent, they may always know that "he is not far from them at any time." When there are clouds, so that they cannot see him, they may look at him through faith, and discern that he is not far off. And, as they, that go down upon the deep, and are overmastered by storms in darkness of the night, knowing not on what strange shores they may be thrown, cast anchor, and wait for day, so, in the midst of trial and temptation, when the storm is fierce and the night is dark, when the lights are quenched, and the signals gone, they may cast anchor; and if they wait in faith, and hope for the day, it will always dawn. The darkness will always hide itself, and the light appear. There never was a night so long that the day did not overtake it. There never was a morning without its morning star. There never was a day without its sun.

God can reveal himself to his own people as he does not to the world. He can give to every Christian heart, to the timid as well as to the strong, to the sorrowing as well as to the hopeful, those divine intimations, those precious thoughts, those sweet-breathed feelings, which are evidence that there is summer in the soul. He can inspire the heart with that perfect love which casteth out fear. He can take away all doubts and misgivings, all gloomy misapprehensions, all dreary forebodings of the future. He can make sunshine out of shadow, and day out of midnight. When our fears have been like growing thorns in our side, he can pluck away the thorns, and

heal the wounds; and he can turn every spear which has pierced us, into a rod and staff, which, instead of being wounded by, we may lean upon; so that the very things which once cast us down may be made to hold us up. He can so deal with us as to make every yoke easy, and every burden light; so that the heavy-laden may come to him to be relieved of their loads. He can touch the fountains of our sorrow, and make our tears like gems and crystals, more precious than pearls or diamonds. And our tears are oftentimes among his most precious treasures. The things that we call treasures, he counts as of very little worth. The human soul is his treasury, out of which he coins unspeakable riches. Thoughts and feelings, desires and yearnings, faith and hope—these are the most precious things which God finds in us.

He can do all things for us, whatsoever we need, and more than we need. We are too slow to believe in his generosity. We do not often enough think that, as he has infinite *desires* to help us, so also he has infinite *powers*. He is able to *carry out* all that he can ever *wish* for us. God is not like man. Our means are limited. With us, wishing to possess is far from possessing; wishing to do, is far from doing; but with him the wish and the power are one. His desires are fully equalled by his means. He is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think." Things that are great to us, are small to him. The favors that we ask of him seem to us to be large and royal. Yet to him they are very little things. The gifts he has power to bestow, are not only greater than we ever ask, but ever *can* ask or even *think*.

He is always willing to give special grace for special emergency. If men are suddenly brought into trouble, he is "a very present help in time of need." When rich men, by some unexpected reverse of fortune, are made poor, he can sustain them under their burdens, when without him they would be utterly crushed. When friends are parted from friends, when families are broken



and scattered by death, when the mother loses her child, and weeps because the cradle is no longer to be rocked, and the sweet laugh is hushed in the house, God can give "the oil of joy for mourning." Whenever his children suffer disappointment, when clouds cast shadows over their path, when troubles bear heavily before them, when they are in trials of business, or in greater trials of bereavement, he can take off the heavy weights. He can make the rough places smooth, and the crooked ways straight. When sorrow comes, that seems to forbid all consolation, he can gently wipe away the tears, and bring back joy and hope once more.

He is a physician, who only wants to be called. He is a friend, who only wants to be trusted. He is a helper, who only wants us to ask his aid. But he wants us to ask him heartily and truthfully. He wants us to reach up our hand, and take covenant by his hand. He wants us to cast our care upon him, for he careth for us. He wants us to confide entirely in him. He wants us to have no hesitancy in our faith.

And this is reasonable. It is what men ask, every day, of their own children. A father expects his child to confide in him. A child expects to trust freely in his father. And we ought to go to God, being his children, with less distrust and more confidence. We ought to take him at his word, and to have faith in his promises. If *He* has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," *we* ought boldly to say, "the Lord is my helper; I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

But when we borrow trouble, and look forward into the future to see what storms are coming, and distress ourselves before they come as to how we shall avert them if they ever *do* come, we lose our proper trustfulness in God. When we torment ourselves with imaginary dangers, or trials, or reverses, we have already parted with that perfect love which casteth out fear. Mothers sometimes fret themselves, and are made miserable about the future career

of their children—whether they will turn out drunkards or not, whether they will go to the gallows or not, whether they will be a disgrace to their parentage or not. Now all this is simply an evidence of a lack of faith. There are many persons in good health, with all their faculties in active exercise, who, having nothing else to worry about, rob themselves of sleep at night by thinking, "if they should suddenly be taken away, what would become of their families, and who would take care of their children?" Such distrust of God is dishonorable to Christian men; and it is only because of his exceeding patience—which is the most wonderful attribute of the divine nature—that he does not signally rebuke and punish it whenever it is manifested.

When persons are taken sick, they ought to bear it with a good grace, but nine out of ten, even among Christian men, repine and murmur. When they are visited with any trouble, their first thought is apt to be, "How grievously I am afflicted!" though the nobler thought would be, "How graciously I am sustained!" When a cross is laid upon them, they cry out, "What a burden I have to carry!" whereas they might better say, "What a burden Christ carries for me!" A Christian sailor, who lost one of his legs in the battle of Trafalgar, said, that he could very often measure the faith of the people who conversed with him, by the way in which they alluded to his misfortune. Nine out of ten would exclaim, "What a pity that you lost your leg!" and only one in ten, "What a blessing that the other was preserved!" When God comes into the family, and takes away one child, instead of complaining because he has taken one, it would be wiser to thank him that he has left the rest. Or he may crush a man's business, and strip him of all his worldly wealth, and yet leave untouched and uninvaded, what is dearer than all—the cradle of his only child. Would it not be nobler for such a man to be thankful for what God left, than to murmur for what he took away? "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh



away," but he always gives more than he takes away. If God robs a man of his riches, he leaves him his health, which is better than riches. If he takes health, he leaves wealth. If he takes both, he leaves friends. And if he takes all these—house and home, and worldly goods—God's providence is not yet exhausted, and he can make blessings out of other things which remain. He never strips a man entirely bare. A man may be left a beggar upon the highway, and yet be able to give unceasing testimony to God's goodness and grace!

If men were to give thanks to God for what he permits them to have, rather than to utter complaints for what he wisely and graciously withholds, he might not unlikely give to them more abundantly, if for no other reason than to increase their gratitude.

An old man, who is now without home or friends—a stranger in a strange land, who earns a scanty crust of bread, day by day, by selling steel pens and writing paper from store to store, and from street to street, in New York, said, the other day, that though he had several times been so reduced as to be for a period of forty-eight hours, and longer, without a morsel to eat, he never lost his trust in Providence, and always rebuked himself whenever he complained at his lot! This man's faith was genuine! He was a hero in rags, greater than many a hero in armor!

God's goodness is large and generous, only our faith in it is small and mean. He carries the whole globe in his thoughtful providence, easier than a mother carries a babe in her arms. If we cannot see the end from the beginning, what matters it, so long as *He* sees it? What have we to do but to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and leave the rest in faith to him?

We ought not to forget, that an affectionate, confiding, tender faith, habitually exercised, would save us of half the annoyances of life, for it would lift us up above the reach of them. If an eagle were to fly low along

the ground, every man might aim a dart at it, but when it soars into the clouds, it is above every arrow's reach. And they that trust in God "shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint." Christ's invitation is: "*Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.*"—[Independent.

### Letter from Rev. James Caughey.

TORONTO, Dec. 29, '57.

REV. H. V. DEGEN.

Rev. and dear Brother,—Judging the following letter of our beloved brother Caughey, will be read by most, if not all, your correspondents, with sincere satisfaction, I have asked Brother Yates' permission to enclose a copy which, I pray, may be inserted as early as convenient.

Yours in holy bonds,

SLADE ROBINSON.

SHEFFIELD, Nov. 20, '57.

My beloved friend and brother Yates: Both your kind letters came to hand, and I stop, from the great battle for souls, and "take breath" to tell you I am well, and in the heat of a great battle for gospel truth and souls. The scenes are indeed most glorious; over two thousand souls liberated from satanic power; but, of these, four hundred or so are cases of purity and perfect love; but, perhaps, thirteen or fourteen hundred from the world. Glory to the Lamb! He a lion is in fight, and giveth us the victory.

The British Wesleyan Conference closed all their pulpits against me, the week of my arrival. Bishop Simpson advised, but I got advice from a higher authority, and behold the result. I let all *debateable* subjects alone: have nothing to do with reformers as reformers, but, as *soul-savers*, I know all good men.



I speak well of the Wesleyans from the pulpit, and advise the new converts *from their congregations* to join them, which they do generally. The Wesleyans here are my warm friends generally, but they are bound hand and foot by the resolution of Conference, last August. However, they know that James Caughey will never try to pull down what he spent so many years before in trying to build up. *No! no! never!* The Wesleyan Conference could not *trust me*, but, by an *honorable, loving, open, upright, broad day-light, unwavering friendship*, I hope yet to force their *loving, confiding hearts*, though so suspicious a few months since, to trust me. Wont that be noble revenge?

But in the mean time, I cannot be *still*, while souls are *perishing*, and if trust or friendship cannot be reposed in me by the Wesleyan Conference, (for the *people* are all right enough,) why, then, God bless them! the Head of the Church be Judge—they must go on *their way*, and I *mine*—in soul-saving. Not one word in *prayer*; preaching, exhortation, by me, or any body, is ever uttered against the Wesleyans. Depend upon it, your old friend J. C., will take no course in England, that his Wesleyan friends in Toronto will be ashamed of, the grace of God assisting me. But, if my efforts in getting sinners converted *everywhere*, be an offence to those who are seeking offence, why, then, they shall have plenty of that, God being my helper.

Do write as often as you feel inclined, or able. You have still a large place in my heart, depend on it, and shall forever. Our love is destined to eternity. Love to our beloved physician, wife and family, and to all my old friends.

Affectionately in Jesus Christ,

JAS. CAUGHEY.

"The love of Christ hath a height without a top, a depth without a bottom, a length without an end, and a breadth without a limit."—[Eph. iii. 18, 19.]

### Cheering from Trenton, N. J.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing on business, says: "It will give you pleasure to learn that the work of holiness is advancing in this part of our Zion. For some months past, the interest on this subject has been evidently increasing, and we are greatly encouraged to hope that it will extend throughout our church, and, indeed, all the churches in this city.

"We have a meeting at our own house weekly, with special reference to this subject, and our parlor is filled and sometimes crowded with those who are 'hungering and thirsting after righteousness'—and several have recently entered into the blessed enjoyment of Perfect Love. Our meetings are favored with signal manifestations of the divine presence, and *abundant* effusions of the Holy Spirit.

"Some of our *young men* attend this meeting, who have been greatly quickened and strengthened thereby in the spiritual life, and we doubt not they will become 'rooted and grounded in love,' and hereafter be pillars in the church of our God.

"The advantage to *young Christians* in being *early led* into the way of holiness, is *beyond all estimate*. The benefit to themselves—to the church—to the world—the glory which is brought to God, and the ultimate and eternal bliss secured by *entire* consecration to God in the morning of life, eternity only will reveal. O, that this could be more deeply impressed upon the youthful part of our membership—the *vast importance* of being *entirely given up to God*, of rendering him a *whole-hearted service*! A heart offered up to God, with all the powers of soul, mind, and body, as a living sacrifice, in all the freshness and vigor, and beauty of youth, what a lovely offering. How *acceptable* must it be to God, and how will he crown such an one with his *richest blessings*! I knew such an one, who, thirty-seven years ago, devoted herself wholly to the blessed Savior, and *took him for her portion*. Her path, from that time to the



present, has been 'as the shining light, which shineth *more and more unto the perfect day.*' She feels sometimes strongly drawn to write more, (for she has occasionally written some,) of her experience in this *delightful way*—the way which is cast up for the 'ransomed of the Lord to walk in;' she has found it such a *safe way*, and such a *happy way*—for 'there is no lion there, nor any ravenous beast can go up thereon.' O, that all who name the name of Christ, were walking in the way of holiness!

"The little band here who receive the Guide, are endeavoring to do good by circulating the numbers among the members of our church; and we trust we shall see the gracious fruits; indeed we do begin to see them.

"May God bless and prosper you, dear brethren, in your efforts to extend the glorious work of holiness, and may he enable me, although a *very 'little one'* among his children, to contribute, in some degree, to the same blessed cause,

"Prays your sister in Christ,  
M. D. J."

**"Jesus Christ the Same Yesterday, To-day, and Forever."**

BY M. A. BERNHARD.

NOT so the friends of earth. Those, who to-day are the warmest in their professions of friendship, will perchance to-morrow meet us with averted faces.

A thousand circumstances, "trifles light as air," often occur to separate us from those in whom we had placed implicit confidence. Time, distance, misfortune, the whisperer's blighting breath, or the malign voice of calumny often sever the strongest chain that binds together the friends of earth, and leave them to grieve over changed sympathies.

Not so with Jesus, the firm friend of the child of God. "In him there is no variableness, or shadow of turning."

He ever lends a listening ear to all his wants, sympathizes with, and soothes all his woes. Though wave after wave of

disappointment and affliction, roll over his sorrow-riven heart, though friends and kindred stand aloof, though every lifted cup of joy be dashed from his lips, every pleasant plant uprooted, and every sunny, flowery path be hedged up, still he knows that "his Redeemer liveth," and is still unchangeable.

Dark, lone, suffering and sorrowful, may be all the pathway of the Christian, through his pilgrim journey, yet it cannot be cheerless; he cannot be wretched or friendless, with the abiding evidence of the love of the great Unchangeable.

O! how refreshing to be permitted to turn from the hollow, fleeting, friendship of earth, to that which is substantial! How sweet, how soul-cheering, to remember that "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever!"

Cleveland, Jan. 15, 1858.

### To Our Absent Loved One.

AIR—"Do they miss me at home."

BY MRS. PALMER.

WE miss thee from home, yes, we miss thee,  
At morning, at noontide, at eve,  
Fond memory encircles around thee,  
And still she more closely doth cleave.

O we miss thee from home, yes, we miss thee,  
When the "Good-morning" kiss passes round,  
And the heart and the lip in sweet meeting,  
In Love's early greetings abound.

And O, with what tender emotion,  
We miss, mid our worshipping throng,  
At our morning and evening devotion,  
Thy voice in our family song!

And as oft round the throne we are kneeling,  
And mingle in concert of prayer,  
The treasures of thought are revealing  
A long cherished loved one not there.

But we'll not weave a garland of sadness,  
Though time our loved circle may part,  
We would fain bring a chaplet of gladness,  
And sing of sweet peace to thy heart.

We will sing of a home of reunion,  
Where time and its partings are o'er,  
Where, in holy and blissful communion,  
We shall miss thee, our loved one, no more.



**A Thought or Two on Holiness.**

BY A MEMBER OF THE BAND.

WHAT are some of the features of holiness?

Holiness of heart is to be obtained by simple faith in Jesus Christ, as a present, sufficient, and eternal Savior.

Holiness is that position in which a man knows that every thought, word, deed, look, and feeling, is wholly consecrated to God, with all interest and influence, pecuniary or otherwise, and in which he determines to spend and be spent for the Lord; in which every motion, whether in business, domestic or church matters, in the failure or prosperity of business, in or out of employment, in sickness or perfect health, in a high or very low station of life, bears, on its very appearance, the name of love; that position in which, if a man's character is hacked and shattered to pieces, if he be denounced as a vile miscreant, impostor, or hypocrite, if he be turned out of the synagogue, and even trampled under the feet of the ungodly, if every friend and relation, to the very dearest, be turned against him, he still loves his enemies as himself.

These are some of the features of holiness. This we must be willing to bear and do, if we would live a life of purity.

Simple confidence in God, the believing his blessed promises just as they stand, is all that is necessary—no feeling required. This is Faith; the result, Holiness or Love.

**A Whole Church Seeking Purity.**

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN: I transcribe a portion of a letter received a day or two since from a highly esteemed and useful minister of the Congregational Church.

PHOEBE PALMER.

Dear Sister P.—ON Wednesday evening, I took with me a little company of three brethren and two sisters, whom God has taught the way of perfect love, and, in accordance with a previous engagement, I visited a Congregational Church in your city. They

have had their attention turned to the subject of sanctification for some time past, and there is much inquiry about it, among them; three or four, I think, enjoy the blessing. Quite a congregation came out to hear us, and some of them told us what the Lord was doing for their souls. We gave them our testimony, and God gave them a disposition to receive it gladly.

At the close, the pastor, in the name of the congregation thanked us for our visit and testimony, and then called upon all who desired this blessing, to unite with him in expressing that desire by rising up. Almost the whole congregation arose. We then bowed down before the Lord, and the pastor led in prayer. The hour was late when the meeting broke up, but we found it difficult to break away from the people, there was so great eagerness to converse with and greet us.

Truly it was cheering to see a whole church, and that a *Congregational* Church, with their pastor at their head, stand up before the Lord, and before the world, and say, "We want the blessing of a clean heart," and then bow down and pray for it. Let those Methodist Churches who resist and oppose the doctrine of sanctification, beware lest others be put before them.

God is with me every day, and, though my soul is satisfied with marrow and fatness, yet I am longing to know more of Christ, and I am continually growing up into Him my living head. \* \* \*

I am willing that any use should be made of my name whenever it may help the work of Christ among men. I used to have a sensitiveness about it, but, I believe it is all gone. If any reproach is to be borne for Christ, I feel a disposition to desire that I may bear a part of it, rather than to avoid it. Glory be to God!

Your Brother in Christ,

H. B.

VICE AND VIRTUE.—Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.



### Design of the Church.

"It is but too evident that the church of this age, and, perhaps, with few exceptions, the church of every age, has but imperfectly, and inadequately understood her vocation as a testifying and proselyting body. She has been too secular, and too selfish. She has not allowed the wondrous truths which she professes, to exert their power, and has quenched the Divine Spirit which dwells in her as in a bodily temple. Christians seem to be trying the dangerous and desperate experiment of gaining just religion enough to save them from hell, and take them to heaven, rather than putting forth all their desires and energies to see how much of the light, and power, and joy of godliness they can possess. They seem as if they would be content to float into the haven of eternal rest, upon any plank or fragment of the ship-wrecked vessel, rather than intensely long to make a prosperous voyage, and have "an abundant entrance," with every sail set, the precious cargo all preserved, and to drop their anchor amid the acclamations of the admiring multitudes who throng the heavenly strand.

We can conceive of a time, when the heavenly and holy calling will be better understood and more perfectly exhibited. When Christians will be seen on every hand, taking up, as their rule of conduct, the apostle's epitome of his whole moral self, and say, "*For me to live is Christ;*" when personal ease, domestic comfort, and the acquisition of wealth, knowledge or fame, though not neglected, will all be considered as very secondary and subordinate matters to the bearing testimony for Him, and converting the world to God; when they will feel that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself; when they will consider themselves as sacred to God, formed for himself to show forth his praise; instead of looking with envy and an imitative propensity on the men of this world, who devote themselves wholly and

successfully to the acquisition of wealth, grandeur, and power, they will pray to be delivered from them as pursuing a low, sordid and sinful course, compared with their own, in witnessing for God, and spreading the savor of his knowledge through the world, and will feel that, so that they do but fulfil their mission, they can be content to be the witnesses who prophesy in sack-cloth. They will no more dream of giving themselves up to personal ease and enjoyment as the great object of desire and pursuit, to the neglect, or lukewarm pursuit of their object, than would an ambassador, sent to bear testimony for his sovereign and his nation in a foreign court, and before antagonistic and hostile people.

Up, then, ye soldiers of the cross—gird ye for the conflict—quit you like men. The world is all before you. The commission is in your hands. Victory awaits you. With such a Captain and such a cause, what enemy could prevent you from winning the world for Christ, and immortal honors for yourselves!"

JAMES.

### Of Christ.

"A DEPRAVED understanding will not yield that the creature is so bad, and that Christ is so good. O, did we but know ourselves and our Savior! We are poor, but he is rich; we are dead, but he is life; we are sin, but he is righteousness; we are guiltiness, but he is grace; we are misery, but he is mercy; we are lost, but he is salvation. If we are willing, he never was otherwise. He ever lives, ever loves, ever pities, ever pleads. He loves to the end, and saves to the uttermost, all that come unto him."

THE EYES OF GOD.—The wise Lokman, being on his death-bed, ordered his son to approach, and said, "My son, when thou feelest a disposition to sin, seek for a place where God cannot see thee."



## Pencilings by the Way.

BY DORA.

## Number III.

My heart has been softened and humbled while perusing a book, entitled, "The Cross of Christ; or, Meditations on the Death and Passion of our Blessed Lord and Savior." I never before had such a realizing sense of the humiliation of the Savior, his agony and patient endurance of the reproaches and insults heaped upon him, as while perusing that book. I took shame to myself, because of my want of patient submission to my—compared with others—peculiar and severe trials; but, compared with those of Christ, light and trivial. Says the editor, (quoting from another,) on the title-page, "The Cross of Christ must be to us not merely an external object to gaze upon, but must be internally and subjectively realized to each of us; in that cross must we crucify the flesh, with the affections and lusts; in it must the world be crucified to us, and we to the world; in that sign by which Satan, when he thought himself a victor, was vanquished, and dispossessed of his earthly throne, must he be equally expelled, with all his noxious influences, from the stronghold of our hearts." I will quote some extracts from this book, which have particularly impressed me:—"O the wise and marvellous dispensation of the Almighty! Whom God will afflict, an angel shall relieve; the Son shall suffer, the servant shall comfort him; the God of angels droopeth, the angel of God strengthens him. Blessed Jesus! If, as man, thou wouldst be 'made a little lower than the angels,' how can it disparage thee to be attended and cheered up by an angel? Thy humiliation would not disdain comfort from meaner hands. How free was it for thy Father to convey seasonable consolations to thine humbled soul, by whatsoever means! Behold, though thy cup shall not pass, yet shall it be sweetened.

What if thou see not, for the time, thy Father's face, yet shalt thou feel his hand. What could that spirit have done without the God of spirits? O Father of mercies, thou mayst bring them into thine agonies, but thou wilt not leave them there. 'In the midst of the sorrows of my heart, thy comforts shall delight my soul.'

"Fortify my soul, blessed Jesus, with the same spirit of submission with which thou underwentst the death of the cross, that I may receive all events with resignation to the will of God; that I may receive troubles, afflictions, disappointments, sickness, and death itself without amazement, these being the appointments of thy justice for the punishment of sin, and of thy mercy, for the salvation of sinners. Let this be the constant practice of my life to be pleased with all thy choices, that, when sickness and death approach, I may be prepared to submit my will to the will of my maker. And O that, in the mean time, my heart may go along with my lips in this petition, 'Thy will be done.'"

"Contemplate, O my soul, for an hour, the sufferings of thy Savior. Behold him betrayed with a kiss, by one of his own disciples. He had just sold his master—traitor that he was, for thirty pieces of silver, and now, approaching with a band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees, he passes on a little before, and, coming to Jesus, says, 'Hail, Master,' and kisses him. By this apparent token of affection, he indicates to the soldiers who he is whom they seek. But Jesus, knowing what was in his heart, asks Judas, 'Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?' How gentle is the rebuke given by Christ to this vile traitor! It is all he says. Silently, and without any resistance, he suffers himself to be taken prisoner, bound and smitten. See him who, by a word, could command twelve legions of angels to appear for his escort, as he is rudely dragged along by those merciless men, as though he were some gross malefactor; behold him divested of his rai-



ment, blindfolded, spit upon, scourged, arrayed in mock garments of royalty—crowned with a wreath of thorns, while before him kneel the scoffing soldiers, deridingly saying, 'Hail, King of the Jews!'"

"Silently he bears it all. Listen to their charges against the Holy One of God. He defends not himself. He endures all the reproach they heap upon him—calmly he gives his back to the smiters, and his cheek to those who plucked off his beard. He wears the purple robe. He accepts the thorny crown. He takes the reed offered for the sceptre. He endures the mock adoration. He bears his own cross. Behold affronts and indignities which the world thinks it right never to pardon, which the Son of God endures with a divine meekness. Let us cast at the feet of Christ, thus unworthily treated by his creatures, that false honor, that quick sense of affronts, that mischievous niceness, which is punctilious about a trifle, which exaggerates every thing, and pardons nothing, and, above all, that diabolical inflexibility in resenting injuries. The more Christ is abased for us, the more we ought to adore him. That which he suffers in his face condemns those who idolize their own, and that criminal care which they take to please others thereby." Well might the apostle exhort us to consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest we be wearied and faint in our minds.

"What sorrows did he undergo! and with what patience did he suffer them! Patient when Judas unworthily betrayed him with a kiss; patient when hurried from one place to another; patient when Herod and his men of war set him at naught; patient, when Pilate so unrighteously condemned him; patient when scourged and crowned with thorns; patient when his cross was laid upon him; when he was reviled, reproached, scoffed at, and every way abused. Lord Jesus, grant me patience after this example, to bear thy

holy will in all things. O Jesus, who now sittest at the right hand of the Father, to succor all who suffer in a righteous cause be thou my Advocate for grace, that, in all my sufferings, I may follow thy example, and run with patience the race that is set before me."

### Gleanings from the Past.

BY A. C. B. L.

*Nov. 1838.—Sabbath.* The last week has been one in which I have enjoyed communion with the blessed Savior, and freedom at the mercy-seat; yet there are such *infinite depths of grace and love*, in him, of which I know nothing, that my soul is not satisfied, but is filled with *intense* longing to know more of the *richness*, the unbounded fulness of love, *perfect* love.

Have been to the sanctuary to-day, and felt that it was "the gate of heaven, indeed." The Holy Ghost spake through man's lips, making truth powerful.

*Jan. 6th, 1839.* God has been dealing with me, and is still—I would

"Lie passive in his hand,  
And know no will but his."

My ways are all committed to him, therefore he will direct them, according to his promise. I am not my own—I have no *personal* interest—the interests of Christ are mine. I have no other.

*Jan. 7th.* Have not enjoyed that melting of soul to-day, which I sometimes do, but the calm rest of a mind stayed on God.

*May. 6th.* Went to the Sabbath school this morning, feeling wretchedly in body and mind. The subject for investigation was, "Christ, our Savior." While presenting truth to my class, the Spirit took of the things of Christ, and showed them unto me. I cast my burden upon him, and was sustained.

*Dec. 9th.* What shall I render for that *grace*, that *astonishing* grace, which has subdued, and does constantly subdue, all



my evil passions! Surely, it is all grace.

"Redeeming grace has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die."

Have been obliged to suspend my labor in school, for a few days, on account of ill health. The Lord is evidently preparing me for something, by all this discipline. What it is, I know not. I would not thwart his purposes of love, but gladly do and suffer all his will, if I may but honor his holy and blessed name. This is all I ask, to be "*wholly* sanctified, body, soul, and spirit, and be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord." "Faithful is he that calleth you, who also *will* do it." Blessed promise! On it my soul rests.

### Ministerial Responsibility and Fidelity.

THE charge of St. Paul to the Pastors of the Church of Christ at Ephesus and Miletus, contains much that is interesting to every Christian minister. 1. If he be sent of God at all, he is sent *to feed the flock*. 2. But in order to feed them he must have *the bread of life*. 3. This bread he must distribute *in due season*, that each may have that portion that is suitable to time, place and state. 4. While he is feeding others, he should take care to have *his own soul fed*; it is possible for a minister to be the instrument of feeding others, and yet starve himself. 5. If Jesus Christ entrust to his care the souls bought with his own blood, what an awful account will he have to give in the day of judgment if any of them perish through his neglect! Though the sinner, dying in his sins, has his own blood upon his head, yet, if the watchman has not faithfully warned him, his blood will be required at the watchman's hands. Let him who is concerned, read Ezek. xxxiii: 3, 4, 5, and think of the account he is shortly to give unto God.—[Doctor Adam Clarke.

LITTLE THINGS.—"He that despiseth little things, shall fall by little and little."  
—[Wesley.

### The Work of Holiness in Canada.

BY REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

I PROCEED to give some account of the great work which God has wrought, in connection with our Canadian camp-meetings. The history of these means of grace with us, has been, particularly during the past six years, marked by a series of successes seldom equalled in the annals of Methodism. Thousands of sinners have been converted; and, though this is matter of devout gratitude and joy, it is believed it is by no means the most gratifying result which has been secured by them; the improvement of the membership of the Church in earnest, intelligent, scriptural piety, is most remarkable. Our Church in Canada has always been thoroughly scriptural and Wesleyan, in its teaching on the subject of entire sanctification. It was frequently referred to, in sermons, exhortations and prayers, and we were never without here and there a witness that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Still it must be confessed that, till within the last few years, it was far from receiving that measure of attention to which its importance entitled it. It was seldom made the exclusive theme of a sermon; and when it was, it was too frequently presented in a dogmatical and controversial form, the end, apparently, being rather to defend the doctrine from the attacks of its opponents, and to vindicate its scriptural character, than to press it home upon believers as a present privilege, and a present duty. The result was precisely what might be expected. Though there were many among us who could state the doctrine correctly, and defend it scripturally and logically, there were few, comparatively, who understood it experimentally.

During the last six or seven years, a number of circumstances have concurred to awaken a deeper interest on this vitally important subject. The labors of the Rev. James Caughey, in several of our cities and larger towns, and the extensive circulation



of his works among the membership of our Church generally, doubtless contributed largely toward producing this result. But it is believed that no human compositions have been more signally owned and blessed of God, or have done more toward awakening deep conviction of the necessity of holiness, in the minds of our people, than the works of Mrs. Palmer. The whole of "Faith and its Effects," was published in successive numbers of *The Christian Guardian*, the official organ of the Church. Her other works were scattered broadcast through every part of our country, and they carried a blessing with them, wherever they went.

The popularity of these works, and the benefit which many had realized from their perusal, created, in the minds of hundreds of the most decidedly pious among us, an earnest desire to become personally acquainted with their author. The result was, that she, and her excellent husband, were invited to attend a camp-meeting in one of our central and populous districts. Their name drew out a large concourse of people, and the Lord came up with his servants, and made them immediate and mighty instruments in the salvation of souls. The exact number saved on that occasion, is not known; but perhaps we would not exaggerate, were we to say, hundreds of sinners were converted, and hundreds of believers sanctified wholly. And the best of all was, it was followed by a series of revivals in the surrounding circuits, which continued during the entire year.

Here, the revival of holiness among us, particularly among the rural districts, fairly commenced, and with it the revival of camp-meetings. The fame of this meeting went abroad throughout every part of the country. The effect was, that, in many places where the means of grace had become obsolete, and in others, where they had never been tried before, camp-meetings were got up. At several of these, each year since, our esteemed and excellent friends, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, have been present, and their labors have been most signally owned

and blessed. It has been my privilege to attend seven meetings at which they were present, by special invitation, and I feel the utmost confidence in asserting that hundreds of sinners have been converted, and hundreds of believers have been sanctified through their instrumentality. I do not know but I might say thousands, instead of hundreds. Their mission to Canada has been a most important one, and I doubt not in the day of eternity it will be found that the result of their labors will be far more glorious than we can at present conceive.

The history of these camp-meetings, has never been written—it can never be written. The light of eternity alone will fully unfold it. I wish it were in the power of my poor pen to describe some of the scenes which have been witnessed in connection with their progress. We have seen a thousand persons on their knees at a prayer meeting; we have seen upwards of a score of souls converted before they ever rose from their knees, and perhaps not less than fifty at a single prayer-meeting. It is to be regretted that we have not been more careful in preserving the statistics of these meetings. The number actually saved at them, I am persuaded, is generally much larger than is supposed. This arises from the fact that persons are continually coming and going, and, as the names are not taken till the close of the meeting, many who have been benefitted are gone. Still I have not attended a camp-meeting in several years, with a single exception, where there was not at least a hundred conversions reported, and an equal number sanctified wholly.

An unusual number of these feasts of tabernacles are being held in this country this season. As far as I have been able to learn, they have all, so far, been well attended, and favored with signal manifestations of the presence and power of God. I have enjoyed the privilege of attending two, at both of which our friends from New York were present. What has been said of Canadian camp-meetings in general, is strictly applicable to these in particular. My



knowledge of the first, and of the effects which have followed it, is more accurate than of the other. It commenced on Saturday, June 27th, and continued until the following Thursday. It was frequently interrupted by showers, by which, doubtless, hundreds were prevented from attending, who would otherwise have been present; and yet the immediate result was the conversion of a hundred souls, at least, and the entire sanctification of about an equal number of believers. Nor did the revival end here. Within a week from the close of the meeting, twenty persons were converted in the neighborhood of the encampment. At another place, four or five miles distant, several were converted. And, at still another, and one of the most barren and hopeless places in this part of the country, a young man who had been converted at the camp-meeting, when he returned home, requested the privilege of asking a blessing at his father's table, and such was the divine influence which accompanied this simple request, it was made the means of awakening the whole family. From this apparently trivial circumstance, a revival commenced, which, as I have been informed, has resulted in the conversion of about forty souls! In all these places the work still continues to progress, and we hope in God that it may never end, until the world is subjected to the dominion of the Redeemer.

I have met with the remark, in some of the publications of the M. E. Church, that the great prominence which has been given to the subject of holiness, or entire sanctification, as a distinct blessing, at some of your camp-meetings, has militated against the conversion of sinners. The same cause, in this country, has produced a diametrically opposite effect. In exact proportion to the prominence given to this theme, in our preaching, exhortation and prayers, as a general thing, has been our success in winning souls to the Savior. It is a singular fact, that we scarcely ever have a believer sanctified wholly, without having a sinner converted, so that we generally find that the

numbers of those who have entered into each blessing, about equally balanced. In fact, we find nothing more effectual in awakening sinners, than the preaching of holiness. Even those who do not enjoy this grace, are constrained to acknowledge that this doctrine is the life of the church. As it was in the days of Mr. Wesley, so we find it now. Where this doctrine is faithfully preached, sinners are converted, and the whole work of God prospers.—[Beauty of Holiness.

### Happy Nancy—The True Secret.

THERE once lived in an old brown cottage, so small that it looked like a chicken-coop, a solitary woman. She tended her little garden, knit and spun for a living. She was known everywhere from village to village, by the cognomen of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relations; she was half blind, quite lame, and very crooked. There was no comeliness in her; and yet there, in that homely, deformed body, the great God who loves to bring strength out of weakness, had set his royal seal.

"Well, Nancy, singing again?" would the chance visitor say, as he lounged at her door.

"La! yes, I'm forever at it. I don't know what people will think," she would say, with a sunny smile.

"Why, they'll think, as they always do, that you are very happy."

"La! well, that's a fact, I'm just as happy as the day is long."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret, Nancy;—you are all alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant surrounding you—what is the reason you're so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I have n't got anybody but God," replied the good creature, looking up.

"You see, rich folks like you, depend upon their families and their houses; they've got to keep thinking of their business, of their wives and children, and then they're



always mighty afraid of troubles ahead. I ain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, well, if he can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars shining night after night, make the garden things come up the same, season after season, he can sartinly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so, you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"Well, but Nancy, suppose a frost *should* come after your fruit trees are all in blossom, and your little plants out; suppose—"

"But I don't suppose; I never can suppose; I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people unhappy; you're all the time supposing. Now, why can't you wait till the suppose *comes*, as I do, and then make the best of it?"

"Ah, Nancy, it's pretty certain you'll get to heaven, while many of us, with all our worldly wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There, you are at it again," said Nancy, shaking her head, "always looking out for black cloud. Why, if I was you, I'd keep the devil at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart; he'll do you a desperate sight of mischief."

She was right. We do take the demons of care, of distrust, of melancholy foreboding, of ingratitude, right into our hearts, and pet and cherish the ugly monsters, till we assimilate to their likeness. We canker every pleasure with this gloomy fear of ill; we seldom trust that pleasures will enter, or hail them when they come. Instead of that, we smother them under the blanket of apprehension, and choke them with our misanthropy.

It would be well for us to imitate Happy Nancy, and "never suppose." If you see a cloud, don't suppose it is going to rain; if you see a frown, don't suppose a scolding will follow. Do whatever your hands find to do, and there leave it. Be more child-like toward the great Father who created

you; learn to confide in his wisdom, and not in your own; and, above all, "wait till the 'suppose' comes, and then make the best of it." Depend upon it, earth would seem an Eden, if you would follow Happy Nancy's rule, and never give place in your bosom to imaginary evils.—[Salem Register.

### Speak of Jesus.

*I must speak of Jesus to all I can.* Jesus loves us to think of him, and to speak to him; but he loves to hear us also speak of him. We must speak of him to sinners, that they may come to him for life. We must speak of him to backsliders, that they may return to his fold. We must speak of him to believers, to stimulate, encourage, reprove or comfort, as the case may be. If I speak of any one at all, surely I should speak of Jesus. I cannot speak of him in vain, it must be useful in some way. It must accomplish some important end. How much there is to talk about, if we only set our hearts upon telling of Jesus! What fine opportunities often offer, if we were only prepared to take advantage of and improve them. We should talk of Jesus to all about us, to all we meet with, to all we visit. We should talk of his glorious person and finished work, of his gracious words and wondrous deeds, of his holy life and painful death, of his triumphant resurrection and graceful ascension, of his prevalent intercession and anticipated advent. We may sometimes speak of his wrath, but much oftener of his love. We may talk of his invitation to sinners, and how he wept over them; of his promises to believers, and the delight he takes in them. O! for grace to speak *of* Jesus, to speak *for* Jesus, to speak *like* Jesus!

PRAYER.—"Prayer will make a man cease from sinning, as sin will entice a man to cease from prayer."

"The spirit of prayer is more precious than treasures of gold or silver."—[Bunyan.